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The Week

A SERIOUS situation is rapidly developing between Great Britain and Italy. On Monday, Foreign Secretary Eden bluntly charged that the Italians are carrying on anti-British propaganda by radio in Palestine and India, using some of the native languages of those areas. Previously, Mr. Baldwin had issued a sharp warning against attempts to interfere with Egypt and Palestine. It is now reported that what is going on in the last-named country is not mere anti-Semitic rioting, but the beginnings of a full-fledged, Italian-inspired revolt. Important among the week's other foreign items is the news of the Socialist victory in Belgium. The new government that is expected there will probably be headed by the veteran Socialist leader, Emile Vandervelde, now Minister without Portfolio. From China comes news of wholesale smuggling in of Japanese goods, on such a vast scale as to suggest that the action constitutes a new phase of Japan's penetration of North China. J. H. Thomas, British Secretary for Colonies, has resigned after an impressive pile of evidence had connected his name with the assumed "leak" in regard to the tax increase in the current British budget. The Austrian situation continues at the boiling point, with growing expectation of a move for annexation, or virtual annexation, by Hitler within the next few months. The new, almost meaningless, naval treaty has been ratified by the United States, as the worldwide race for armament goes on at accelerated tempo. Almost ignored in the rush of more spectacular events, famine is spreading its black wings once more over China, with 30,000,000 persons imperiled.

THE convention of the Socialist Party this week decisively rejected joint political action with the Communists in the 1936 campaign, as everyone knew in advance that it would. This does not, however, preclude united efforts on specific issues, which have already been seen on several occasions. The Old Guard, losing the fight to seat its delegates from several states, has decided to bolt and form a new party, firmly adhering to "gradualism" and free from what it considers the revolutionary taint of the Left Wing. A precedent of great importance was set when the country's railroads agreed on a five-year period of adjustment for workers dismissed, demoted or moved from one town to another in the process of joint operation of terminals and other facilities. In the Tampa case, five of the defendants who kidnaped and flogged three men, one of whom died, were found guilty by a six-man jury in the face of instructions from the judge that practically ordered an acquittal. A "Black Legion" was unearthed in Michigan, grimly reminiscent of the Ku Klux Klan. Police, who charged it with numerous floggings and several murders, say it has 135,000 armed members in Michigan and others in Ohio and Pennsylvania. The Senate wrestled with the tax bill, considering a reduced exemption on estates and gifts, and planning tentatively a corporation tax of 18 percent and a 7-percent tax on undistributed corporation profits. Dr. Townsend, regarding whose financial interest in his plan some damaging revelations have been made, walked out of a House hearing and defied his inquisitors to arrest him. The Supreme Court, in a five-to-four decision, held unconstitutional the 1934 law permitting cities and counties to go through a federal bankruptcy proceeding.

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THE end of the Ethiopian war has not improved relations between Great Britain and Italy. On the contrary, these have grown suddenly and drastically worse. The Italians have recently charged that the British sold dumdum bullets to the Ethiopians; the British investigated and now report that the documents on which the Italian claim is based were forged. Far more serious is the charge made last Monday by Foreign Minister Anthony Eden that the Italians were spreading anti-British propaganda not only in Egypt but in Palestine and India, including regular radio broadcasts in some of the languages of those areas. It is generally reported in London that the present disturbances in Palestine, which seem likely to be the most serious since the Great War and may develop into a wholesale Arab revolt, are in part instigated by the Italians. It is hard to believe that even Mussolini, drunk with success and possessed by megalomania as he now is, would deliberately provoke a quarrel with Great Britain that might lead to open conflict. It is easy to believe, however, that he is permitting zealous subordinates to make all the trouble they can for the British in Africa and Asia. The situation is not only of extreme seriousness itself but it further complicates the whole European problem, particularly in that it gives Hitler increased freedom of action.

FOR many years it has been known that American railways could save large sums and avoid great inconvenience to the traveling public by consolidated use of terminal and other facilities. The roads long ago undertook to move in the direction of greater efficiency by voluntary consolidation, but nothing concrete ever came of it except some financial manipulation which benefited certain stockholders but did little for the public. More recently, with congressional authority behind him, Railroad Coordinator Joseph B. Eastman has been pressing for action. One stumbling block was the attitude of railroad labor; in the depression, the unions rightly feared that joint terminal operations would mean a heavy addition to the already serious burden of unemployment. This difficulty has now been solved by a national agreement that sets a precedent of tremendous importance. Unification of facilities is to go forward with the understanding that workers who are dismissed are to receive full wages for five years. Those demoted will receive their former wages for the same period of time, and the roads will reimburse those who are required to move from one city to another. If railroad traffic revives, it is of course possible that the unemployment will be of small proportions; but small or large, the action taken is a notable recognition of the employer's responsibility for the welfare of men disadvantaged through technological advance—a recognition compelled by strong unions. We need not comment on the enormous improvement over the attitude of employers, universal a few years ago and common enough even today, that men may be dismissed at will, with no thought (let alone provision) for their future welfare.

THE Supreme Court by a five-to-four decision—one vote closer than that by which most of the New Deal measures have been invalidated—declared unconstitutional the law permitting municipalities to go into bankruptcy and regulating the process. Here again the strict constructionists of the Constitution win against the liberal constructionists. The facts that many local governments were in serious difficulties, that the situation was so widespread as to create a national problem, and that creditors throughout the country were affected, carried no weight with the majority against their belief that the federal government has no power not specifically granted to it by the Constitution, that the general powers which that document seems to invest in it can be exercised only in pursuit of the specific powers. The decision is of little practical significance: the law has not been widely invoked and may be criticized on other grounds. The tendency it evinces is, however, menacing, since it envisages the nation as a congeries of separate and independent states, tied together only by a government that in many important respects cannot govern.

TO THE attention of blind Constitution-worshipers we earnestly call the following passages from Supreme Court Justice Sutherland's opinion invalidating the Guffey coal law:

> . . . The powers which Congress undertook to exercise are not specific but of the most general character, namely, to protect the general public interest and the health and comfort of the people, to conserve privately owned coal, maintain just relations between producers and employees and others, and promote the general welfare, by controlling nationwide production and distribution of coal.
>
> These, it may be conceded, are objectives of great worth. . . .
>
> The proposition, often advanced and as often discredited, that the power of the federal government inherently extends to purposes affecting the nation as a whole with which the states severally cannot deal or cannot adequately deal, and the related notion that Congress, entirely apart from those powers delegated by the Constitution, may enact laws to promote the general welfare, have never been accepted but always definitely rejected by this court.

If these passages mean anything, they mean that at least four members of the Court think the Constitution does not give Congress power to seek objectives of great worth, even though the states cannot do anything effective about them. In that event, is it not self-evident that the Constitution is seriously defective and should be amended?

THE Black Legion, a secret, terroristic organization for the purpose of waging warfare against Catholics, foreign-born, Jews, Negroes and Communists, and pledging its members not only abso-

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lutely to obey its officers but to use murder and torture against its enemies and traitors within its ranks, has been uncovered in Michigan. A number of its members have been indicted for murder. Curiously enough, the initiation ritual of this precious band contains, among others, the following questions: "Are you honestly a Protestant? What church do you believe in or attend? Do you believe in a Supreme Being, a future reward and punishment?" The Protestant churches of the United States should deeply search their consciences to find out why their teachings can lead even the most degraded minds to murder and torture, and to denial of brotherhood to so many inhabitants of this country. We should like to see a Sunday devoted in all the Protestant churches to the Sermon on the Mount, to the Ten Commandments, to the obligations of citizenship in a democracy. More than that, it would seem to be an obligation of the churches to teach a social gospel so clear that such scoundrels could not possibly claim their sanction.

THERE are signs that the drive for industrial unionism in steel and automobiles is already beginning to have some effect. The U. S. Steel Corporation is planning to give vacations with pay to employees with five or more years of continuous service, while the Chrysler Corporation announces a five-percent wage increase, so that the hourly rate is now higher than in 1929. Such generosity may always be expected at times when a real threat of organization among workers looms on the horizon. And the newspapers may always be expected to chronicle such gestures as evidence that happy times are here again. But lest the owners of vacation resorts become too sanguine in anticipating a booming summer trade, it might be well to point out a few facts that the newspapers usually like to overlook. The return of 1929 wage rates in the auto industry, for example, hardly means prosperity for the auto worker. In 1934, according to the Department of Labor, auto workers averaged only $900 a year. Their hourly rate of pay then was practically as high as it is now, but they obtained an average of less than thirty-eight weeks of employment during the year. It is this great irregularity of employment in the auto industry that makes the hourly rate of pay—the highest of any industry—utterly misleading as an index of the welfare of the employees. Much the same can be said of steel, where annual earnings are even lower. Thus it is not unlikely that the vacation problems of these workers will be solved this year much as they have been solved in the past—by staying at home because they are out of work.

THE American Legion in the course of its career has done many silly things and some vicious ones. Seldom has it combined the two more successfully than in opposing the booklet "Americanism—What Is It?" This booklet was prepared by C. LeRoy Baldridge, a well known artist and author, for the New York County Committee of the Legion. It is a brief and simple statement of fundamental American principles, consisting for the most part of verbatim quotations from early American state documents and such people as Washington and Jefferson. The New York County Committee apparently made no objection to the pamphlet, but when it came to the hands of the National Americanism Committee, the worthy if excitable chairman of that body nearly had an apoplectic stroke. He objected because, he said, the pamphlet was printed on Japanese paper; the eagle on the cover appeared in red; the emblem of a hand holding a torch was used, and freedom of speech received greater emphasis than freedom of religion. Our readers will naturally assume that nobody would seriously bring forth such absurd objections, but this gentleman was not joking. The New York County Committee has refused its endorsement to the pamphlet, 70 to 57, and the national officers of the Legion have clamped down a nationwide censorship on all publications of local posts. If the Legion were to pass a resolution which read "Hurrah for Fascism!" it could hardly have indicated more plainly its repudiation of old-fashioned American principles.

POLAROID is the trade name for a substance just now emerging from scientific laboratories that promises revolutionary benefits in several fields of activity. Chief among these is the elimination of headlight glare, certainly one of the greatest menaces to motoring at night. The procedure is to send out from your own headlights a beam of polarized light which vibrates at one particular angle. Then your windshield is equipped with a polarized screen so that it will admit only polarized rays of that same angle. Thus you are able to see objects illuminated by your own headlights, but any other source of light—particularly the headlights of an approaching car—can't penetrate your windshield and you get no glare whatever. Laboratory demonstrations of Polaroid have been successful, and if it proves practicable both from an engineering and commercial standpoint, its general adoption by motor-car manufacturers should go a long way toward eliminating one of the major perils of driving after dark, when 60 percent of motor accidents occur. Polarized light has a wide variety of other uses. Already on the market are spectacles which filter out the secondary emanations, commonly called highlights or glare, and present a soft, natural-color field of vision that greatly reduces eyestrain. A polarized lens similarly eliminates glare and secondary reflections in photography. Polarized light brings out strains in metallic structures, imperfections in lenses and precision instruments and blemishes in the human skin. Stereoscopic or three-dimensional motion pictures in full natural colors, hitherto impossible with the red-and-green-eyeglass systems used thus far, are now made possible by viewing the pictures through neutral-tinted polarized glasses.

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The Bugaboo of Imports

WE MAY expect Republicans to point with horror at the official trade statistics showing that in April, for the third consecutive month, the United States imported more goods than it exported. In old-fashioned parlance, this is called an "unfavorable" balance of trade. In fact, for the first four months of this year, Americans suffered the injury and indignity of receiving $12,414,000 worth more of goods from abroad than they shipped out from our borders. Mr. George Peek is already going about making speeches to farmers, in which he shows them actual articles of agricultural commerce produced abroad and bought in this country. Could proof of Secretary Hull's evil policy be more convincing? If this sort of thing keeps up, the campaign is likely to be converted into a good old-fashioned hammer-and-tongs debate between Republicans who argue that high tariffs make us prosperous and Democrats who argue that they don't.

Last year, during the same four months, we had a surplus of exports amounting to $21,000,000. Therefore, according to the protectionists' argument, we must have been more prosperous in early 1935 than in 1936. Could anyone notice it? Well, perhaps the change is too small to be seen. Let us, therefore, look at a few more figures. In the first four months of 1936 we exported goods worth $768,787,000. In the first four months of 1935 we exported goods worth $688,165,000. Therefore we have actually sold abroad considerably more in the first third of this year than we did during the same period of last year. If one is thinking of disposing of the farmers' crops and of finding jobs for labor, that does not look so bad. The difference in the *balance* is caused only by the fact that imports increased even more. Those who view with alarm the import surplus therefore are reduced to the strange argument that it is better to sell less than to accept more goods made by other peoples than we send over to them. If these imports displaced American labor that would otherwise have been employed, who made the extra goods to export this year?

Suppose we heard two men dickering at a county fair. Hezekiah Jones will not trade five bushels of apples for Reuben Smith's six pecks of potatoes, but he will trade four bushels for three pecks. We should, of course, look up the nearest constable and tell him that Hezekiah ought to be watched lest he do something violent before the hospital for the mentally deficient got hold of him. Yet Hezekiah would be reasoning every bit as well as those who object to an import surplus accompanied by a growth of exports.

Must we expect that any increase in exports in the future will be accompanied by an even greater increase in imports? Probably. To understand why this is so, we have to look more closely at the nature of international trade. In principle it is exactly the same as the dicker between Hezekiah and Reuben, but in practice it is more complicated, because it involves other items besides material goods. These other items are (1) gold and silver, used as international money, (2) "invisible" items, such as tourist expenditures, immigrants' remittances, charity, payments for shipping and insurance, (3) new debts, both for long and short term, other names for which are capital investments or credits or loans, (4) interest on debts, repayment of them, and dividends on investment. If we take these other items into account, the exports and imports of a country are always automatically in balance.

The United States for many years before the War had an export surplus of goods. The chief reason was that Americans owed more money to foreigners than foreigners did to Americans. The foreigners could, first, exchange their goods for an equal value of goods produced here. They could, second, exchange invisible imports and exports. Finally, after all imports and exports were balanced, they had a large amount of interest and dividends coming to them, and with the proceeds they could buy an extra amount of goods here. Our "favorable balance" showed merely that we were in debt.

During the War the situation was reversed. Europeans had to buy so much here that their indebtedness to us became greater than ours to them. The normal expectancy was, therefore, that henceforth they would have to export more to us than we to them, that our export surplus would be changed to an import surplus. But this development was postponed by two events. First, we did not like being paid. We were creatures of habit, afraid of taking the goods necessary for payment, so we raised our tariff. Second, we kept on lending money abroad. The sums of principal going out overbalanced the sums of interest coming in. It is just as if our friend Hezekiah had gone to the local banker, to pay the interest on his mortgage with a load of produce, and the banker had said, "I don't want your vegetables. But here is an extra thousand dollars; add it to the principal of your mortgage, and pay me in cash the $60 interest that you owe." This generosity on the part of the United States reached a climax in 1930, when we had a "favorable" balance of trade amounting to $782,000,000.

In 1931 came the deluge. Debt payments stopped; foreign bonds went sour; and so we stopped lending abroad. Since we did not lend them the money, foreigners naturally could not buy so much here. Also we had chosen this psychological moment to raise our tariff again (the Smoot-Hawley bill). This still further restricted foreigners' purchasing power for our products, since they could not even sell us so many goods. In the first four months of 1931 our commodity exports dropped to $924,920,000, from $1,460,982,000 in the same period of 1930. And they kept on dropping. We still had a "favorable" balance of trade, however. We sold foreigners more than they sold us. We were

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able to do this only because (a) they were not paying much on their debts, and (b) they were withdrawing from this country a large volume of short-term credits which they had sent here during the boom to help the wild party in Wall Street.

By 1934 these short-term funds were about gone, and normally it was time for the import surplus to begin, if the foreigners were to pay anything on their debts at all. The imports came all right, and in floods, but not in goods. They took the form of gold, of which during 1934 and 1935 we received $1,478,000,000. The stimulus for this particular investment first came from devaluation of the dollar. Then European currency and political disturbances caused a flight of capital to this country. Underlying the gold movement, however, was still our reluctance to buy goods abroad. We had our high tariff. And the devaluation added to that barrier by making it more expensive for Americans to buy in other countries; you could get fewer francs or guilders for a dollar.

We cannot go on forever being paid in gold. There is not enough in the world. Furthermore, it is not much good to us. We cannot eat it or wear it. We have far more gold than we need as bank reserves; indeed, so great might be the expansion of the means of payment based upon what we now have that it creates a positive danger of runaway inflation. We not only took all this gold, but committed ourselves also to the folly of buying large quantities of silver. Foreigners sent in so much gold and silver that they not only paid their capital charges in this way, but also had a lot of purchasing power left over to buy goods. Thus our export surplus of goods continued in 1934 and 1935. But the total of exports remained small.

In 1936, for the first time, the effect of our creditor position in commodity trade begins to show. Gold imports have fallen off. We have not resumed foreign lending. Therefore foreigners are beginning to pay what they owe us in the form of goods. They can do this, and still buy more goods from us than before, because we have started to lower our tariff barriers a little and are in a position to buy more from them. If we do more in the same direction, we may expect a continuation of the existing tendency, that is, a growth of exports, accompanied by a more rapid growth of imports.

The other alternatives do not look promising. We could raise the tariff again, thus cutting down both the imports and the exports, and making inevitable further defaults in debts. Who would gain from that? A few, perhaps, but not most of us. Or we could not only raise the tariffs but also resume large foreign lending. That would mean both cutting down imports and increasing exports—as long as we were willing to go on lending without being repaid. When the stopping point arrived, there would be another crash. And in the meantime we should be virtually giving away a large part of our products.

Theoretically an enormous increase of American tourists abroad, or a similar growth of immigrants' remittances to the folks back home, might make possible a balance of payments without our having to take any more foreign products. But in practice neither looks likely.

We hope against hope that this is the last word we shall have to say about the tariff during the campaign. But, sadly enough, it shows signs of becoming a leading issue. Nothing could, of course, be more idiotic than protection. But the difficulty about having to argue against protection is that the argument seems to put one in the position of contending that a low tariff is the solution of the nation's ills. Of course it is not that. The whole tariff issue is and has long been somewhat of a red herring in political discussion. It diverts attention from more important matters. The capitalist world may be destroyed by barriers to foreign trade, but it will never be saved simply by removal of these barriers.

New Government in France

ON JUNE 1 the newly elected French Chamber of Deputies will convene, and Léon Blum, the leader of the Socialist Party, will take the reins of government. Hard tasks await the new Cabinet. The chief ones are: the balancing of the budget, the settlement of the foreign situation, general economic readjustment and, not least important, the suppression of the still persisting Fascist threat. The new government is supposed to carry out the program of the People's Front,[1] which calls for a series of economic and political reforms. These reforms are anything but revolutionary, yet it is already clear that their realization will meet serious resistance. The Rightist forces, after having attempted to create a financial panic, now seem determined to use every legal and illegal means to sabotage the Socialist action. Their main hope lies in the Senate, whose moderate composition may considerably hamper the more radical elements of the Chamber.

Equally serious is the handicap presented by the potential disagreements within the victorious Left. So far, the Communists have promised their parliamentary support to Léon Blum, but they refuse to participate in his Cabinet, and intend to agitate for their own program; on the other hand, the Radical Socialists have, for the time being, rejected a Communist proposal to call a meeting of all the Leftist deputies in order to arrange a common plan of action. Great political resourcefulness will be needed to keep these divergent groups together when crucial issues come under debate. The great asset of the People's Front is, of course, that it will wield political power with the support of an enormous majority of the French nation.

This asset can become decisive, if the Leftist leaders are bolder in their schemes and more equal

[1] An outline of this program was published in The New Republic (issue of February 5, 1936).

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to their task than other Socialist governments have been in Europe. There is hardly a progressive person in France who does not realize that, in the present circumstances, a Leftist failure would furnish a tremendous opportunity for fascism. It is to be hoped that the lessons of recent European history will not be overlooked in France. In 1933, the German Nazis, with only about 40 percent of the electorate actually behind them, were able to transform their political advantage into victory. The People's Front in France has far greater strength; but whether traditional democratic methods and institutions will be able to carry out democratic aims, with all the powers of Big Business pitted against them, is still an unanswered question.

The "Food of the Gods" Comes True

DR. O. W. Willcox has for some years been writing books about the new science of "Agrobiology," which makes possible enormous increases in productivity of the soil through new technical methods. Some of his predictions have been criticized, by Secretary Wallace among other people, as being excessive. Striking confirmation of Dr. Willcox's general theory now comes from California in the form of a report by Dr. W. F. Gericke, associate plant physiologist of the University of California. Dr. Gericke has been growing tomato plants fifteen feet high and tobacco twenty feet high. He has produced 217 tons of tomatoes per acre and has grown 2,465 bushels of potatoes—against a United States average at present of 116 bushels. Many other vegetables have responded similarly, and striking results have also been achieved with flowers.

Under Dr. Gericke's method, plants are not set into the earth at all. Shallow tanks are filled with a liquid composed of some ten chemicals, all of them readily available in commerce, and this liquid is heated by electricity or otherwise. Over the tanks is spread a wire screen covered with straw, excelsior or moss, in which the seeds are planted, thrusting their roots down into the liquid below. The growth takes place in unheated greenhouses or, in the proper season, out of doors. The products of this process are of high quality, and in the case of tobacco it is possible to avoid the rankness that sometimes accompanies rapid growth under natural conditions. That this plan is not a toy of the laboratory is shown by the fact that tomatoes produced under Dr. Gericke's method are now being sold on the California market, at normal prices and at a commercial profit.

Forty years ago, H. G. Wells wrote a scientific romance, "The Food of the Gods," in which he predicted a development of this sort, which changed the whole structure of society. He may yet live to see his prediction come true, for possibilities of these new agricultural techniques seem almost boundless. Already we are hearing stories of an occasional scientist who is said to grow a year's supply of potatoes for a large family in a tin pan under the kitchen table. It is possible to envisage all the vegetable foods for a huge New York apartment house being produced in a small space on the roof —unless, indeed, food became so cheap and so easy to produce that everyone moved to the country. There is as a matter of fact no especial reason why we should not have skyscraper farms, on which the rows of shallow pans would be stacked one above the other to a height of a hundred—or a thousand —feet, and reached by elevators. What such a development would do to 5,000,000 farm families, and to the millions of other persons who get their livelihood from the present agricultural economy, is a vista as exciting as it is terrifying. Certainly, the California experiments bring us one step nearer to that famous "economy of abundance," and make it still more absurd that millions of people should continue to go hungry.

Whose National Guard?

THE War Department is asking, and will probably get, an appropriation of some $38,000,000 for the National Guard, to be used during the coming fiscal year. Compared with the appropriation of two years ago, this is an increase of roughly $10,000,000 (or more than 30 percent) and, naturally, it arouses one's curiosity. Why should the National Guard be receiving such generous treatment at this time, when desperate economies are being enforced elsewhere—when the budget of the Food and Drug Administration, for example, is being slashed from $1,800,000 to $1,300,000? What is it that the National Guard guards us against?

These questions were recently raised on the floor of the House by Representatives Marion A. Zioncheck of Washington and Vito Marcantonio of New York. To enlighten himself as well as his fellow Congressmen, Mr. Zioncheck obtained from the War Department a detailed report showing the reasons for which the National Guard was called out during the fiscal years 1934 and 1935. This report, covering twelve pages in The Congressional Record, makes it very plain that by far the most important service now performed by the Guard is in the field of industrial warfare. The total number of officers and men who were called into action in these two years and the proportion who were involved in strikes were as follows:

	Total Officers and Men	*Number on Strike Duty*	*Percent on Strike Duty*
1933-34	12,536	8,319	66
1934-35	30,201	24,326	80

There would seem to be ample justification in these figures for the charge made by organized labor that

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the Guard is being rapidly converted into a strike-breaking army for employers.

State officials have apparently reached the point where it is almost second nature for them to call out the troops to "preserve order," as their public proclamations put it, during strikes. Thus we find that in 1934 the Governors of twelve states sent troops into twenty-three strike localities, while in 1935 the number jumps to twenty Governors, with the troops in seventy-three strike situations. What "preserving order" frequently comes down to, of course, is the use of tear-gas bombs, or guns, against strikers so that strikebreakers may continue at work. This is costly business. It means not only heavy wear and tear on equipment but also continuously fresh supplies of munitions and tear gas. This explains perhaps why the item in the pending appropriation for materials—uniforms, equipment and field service—is 200 percent greater than it was two years ago. The amount the War Department is now requesting in this category is $10,000,000. This is $3,000,000 more than the amount appropriated last year and some $6,000,000 above that of two years ago. This sum is quite separate, it should be noted, from some $28,000,000 in the present appropriation for the regular arming, equipping and training of the National Guard.

It may be argued, of course, that there is nothing wrong with these appropriations in themselves. Should not the National Guard be adequately prepared for riots and mobs that threaten life and property? The only objection one can offer to this is that such terms as "riot" have a very broad and inclusive meaning for the military mind—so broad, in fact, that they easily embrace even peaceful picket lines. This is clear enough from the past activities of the state militia, but it is made even more apparent in the Basic Field Manual of the Army on "Domestic Disturbances." Among its instructions, the manual offers the following: "Information relative to the lawless elements may be secured from the police department supplemented by private detective agencies and railroad detectives." In brief, the National Guard is instructed to coöperate with the notorious strikebreaking detective agencies. As Representative Marcantonio observed in Congress, "This manual sends officers to these agencies, agencies whose business it is to smash labor. By 'mob' and 'lawless elements' the author means American workers assembled on the economic battle front." (It is not without interest that the War Department has recently withdrawn this manual from sale to the public—perhaps because of the wide publicity it has received.)

There is evidence that military and business leaders, curiously enough, are becoming somewhat concerned about the increased use of the Guard against strikers. A recent issue of The Army and Navy Journal, for example, carries the story that the Chamber of Commerce of Houston, Texas, is endeavoring to relieve the Texas National Guard from duty in strikes, riots and similar disturbances. Such duty, according to the Military Affairs Committee of the Chamber, is "highly prejudicial to enlistment. Many exceedingly desirable young men with patriotic inclinations are prevented from joining the Guard because of the possibility that their services may be used in strikes and similar disturbances."

To be sure, the Chamber is not against the use of troops in labor disputes. Its idea is simply that it would be preferable to relieve the National Guard of such duty and to use instead a special reserve, to be kept on hand in the various centers of population. This reserve would have peculiar advantages, the Houston committee believes. It points out that Guardsmen, averaging in age from eighteen to twenty-four, are really "too young for the performance of police duties" and that military weapons are not suited to riot duty, short-barreled riot guns being preferable. Thus, in a matter-of-fact way, the Houston Chamber of Commerce discusses its military problems. Quite obviously, it regards the National Guard as its own peculiar servant. It is willing to dispense with the Guard, in the interest of patriotism, provided it can have a special reserve to take its place.

This tendency on the part of business to view the National Guard as little more than a private army, together with the increased use of such forces in the labor field, places a special responsibility upon the federal government. The steadily swelling appropriations for the National Guard undoubtedly make easier, if they do not actually invite, more frequent recourse to its services whenever a strike-besieged employer calls for help. The government could quickly put a stop to this by a simple proviso—that federal equipment and funds should not be used in labor disputes. This would not merely permit sizable economies (in which we hear the government is interested) by keeping expenses down to the sums needed for essential training and equipment. It would also assure that the National Guard would be what it is supposed to be, an arm of the national defense, and not a glorified strikebreaking outfit.

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Britain Drifts Toward Hitler

ETHIOPIA was gassed out of existence with such dramatic swiftness that the League and its supporters have been stunned. France, till the Chamber meets, has virtually no government, and England has Mr. Baldwin—which comes to the same thing. The League, if I may anticipate the decisions of the Council which is meeting as I write, may be trusted to take the line of least resistance, which is to allow sanctions to run on till it assembles again in June. This institution postpones everything, even its own death.

When one turns from Geneva to analyze the first reactions of public opinion, one must set them down as provisional. The lapse of a few weeks will eliminate the first responses of emotion. In England the general feeling was one of acute humiliation. The Labor Party and the Liberals declared at once for the continuance and intensification of sanctions. This was, I think, little more than a reflex gesture. No competent observer could really believe that these half-hearted economic measures, which in no way embarrassed Mussolini in the prosecution of the war while the Ethiopians were fighting gallantly, can bring him to his knees after all organized resistance has ceased. They shrank, however, from advocating the only step that could now be effective, the use of the British fleet, or of the League's fleets, to cut Italy's communications with Africa. After the proclamation of the new Italian Empire, nothing short of a war, prosecuted till Il Duce falls, could achieve either the restoration of the Ethiopian kingdom or the vindication of the League's authority. All that pressure, economic or diplomatic, could now effect, would be to win from Rome certain minor concessions to French and British interests.

This the French with their customary realism perceive. They want an undertaking that the Italians will not construct a motor road to rival their railway. They also ask that the manhood of Ethiopia shall not be trained to fight in the future wars of the Roman Empire—for Tunis is a possible object of ambition, no less than Egypt and the Sudan. But as yet British Liberals are not thinking on this plane. Geneva has revived in them dormant religious instincts. These are not powerful enough to hurry them into an armed crusade, but they are strong enough to inhibit clear thinking. There is, happily, an available channel of discharge for this emotion. It is possible, without any violent distortion of the facts, to blame Mr. Baldwin's government for the ruin of Ethiopia and the defeat of the League. History will say, I think, that the French were even more directly to blame, but that hardly avails to exculpate Downing Street. Feeling was strong enough to cause the loss the other day of a Tory seat at Peckham by the narrow majority of a hundred votes. But the interesting fact about this suburban by-election is that only half the electors went to the poll. One concludes that while the average man has lost confidence in the National Government, he feels as yet no enthusiasm for the Labor Party.

The determination of the future policy of Great Britain lies, then, still with the Tories. Their reactions, as yet, are slow and confused. Mr. Baldwin has fallen out of favor. His recent services to his party and his class are now forgotten. His conversion to a Genevan policy disarmed the Labor Party and won the general election. It also camouflaged rearmament, so that even pacifically minded persons voted with a clear conscience for battleships and bombing planes, dedicated to the League's service.

But the perception grows that Mr. Baldwin is merely a shrewd party manager who lacks the qualities of decision and foresight for which the international situation calls. What is said for public consumption is that he has betrayed Ethiopia, weakened the League and shaken British prestige. This may be a translation into virtuous language of an even more deadly criticism. If one believed, as he does, that the British Empire is a divine instrument for the better government of the heathen, one would assail him for bringing it into deadly peril. If he had encouraged Mussolini to take Ethiopia, subject to the discount usual in such cases, the British and the Roman Empires might have lain happily side by side in North Africa through our lifetime at least. But he has challenged a nation that manifestly does possess considerable capacities for organization, and can rely on the loyalty and bravery of its Hamitic troops. This nation, angry and self-confident, is now established at the eastern exit of the Suez Canal, and has acquired a military base and ample reserves of cannon fodder, with which it may one day threaten Egypt, the Sudan and Palestine. Neither on Egypt nor on the Arabs of the Holy Land is the grip of the Empire morally secure. To threaten Rome by sending the battle fleet into the Mediterranean last August was a fatal proceeding, if the sequel was to be an ill tempered acquiescence in defeat. As yet, however, no one publicly levies this criticism at Mr. Baldwin. To explain this reticence is difficult, save on the general principle that Anglo-Saxon thinking is commonly subconscious. There are grounds enough for getting rid of Mr. Baldwin without disclosing one's deeper-seated anxieties.

Mr. Baldwin one day will go, and sooner rather than later. That he can retain the premiership (an intention that gossip attributes to him) till the new

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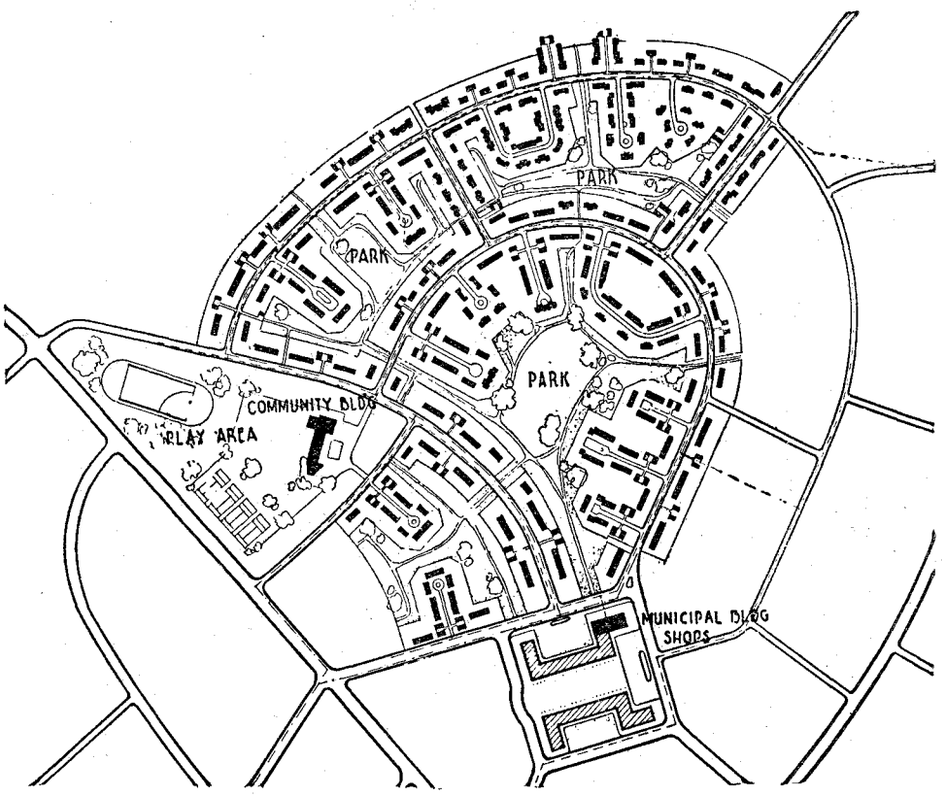
the individual family income will not be a necessity, and that the rents will be suitable to families of modest income.

To develop a land-use plan for the entire tract; to devise, under the direction of the Administrator, a system of rural economy coördinated with the land-use plan for the rural portions of the tract surrounding the suburban community; and to integrate both the physical plans and the economies of the rural area and the suburban community.

The technical groups charged with carrying out this program consist of two architects and a town-planner for each project, with a full staff of engineers, draftsmen, specification writers and estimators. Outside consultants have been made available in many branches of the work—some at the request of the architects in charge, some by the administrative heads as wise checks against vagaries of the architects. The group heads are responsible not only for technical production, but for interpretation of the program and coöperation with research, management and construction. They have had to do many things that most architects are not accustomed to doing: really to write their own program, proving its merit; to make suggestions of policy, and back up the suggestions with facts; to send social investigators into the field, to try and find out what kind of kitchens are preferred, and why; whether living rooms are used for living or only for "stiffs"; why Germans make beer in the attic but Italians only wine in the cellar, and "Americans" drink impartially in either; what to do about dogs, goats, chicken feed and fences, and a thousand other things. To collate these findings with those more solemn and less useful ones of the Research Division and discuss with Management the problems that arose, almost before beginning even to "find" a plan; to investigate and compare the costs and maintenance of a vast array of building materials, heating systems and many other things, and then start to design with those factors in mind, letting them be the basis of esthetic effort.

Low-cost housing was not the objective; the aim was well built, low-maintenance and, consequently, lower-rental housing. This meant that, within limits, maintenance became a more important factor than first cost—not a new idea in theory, but a very new one in application to this type of work. It finds room for the development of safe streets for child and dog, for the provision of much green, for outlook as well as light and air; for simple, pleasant forms of rooms, and houses in which people can live pleasantly, and towns which they can get out of easily into real country unmarred by "developments" and garbage-dumps. It meant that the architectural problem became only incidental to the much more profound one of planned living, and the development of a philosophy as to what that is or might be, and of ways and means to preserve it. It was no longer a study in sticks and stones, but one of people.



PLAN OF ONE UNIT OF GREENBROOK, NEW JERSEY

In the illustration is shown only a very small part of the "green belt" of several thousand acres, by which the town is surrounded. Note the arrangement to provide maximum garden and park area without increasing first cost of streets or utilities over customary type of subdivisioning. (This is the project last week declared unconstitutional by the District of Columbia Court of Appeals.)

How well the problem has been met remains to be seen. It never could, of course, be completely solved even under ideal conditions; the value of physical and social planning in an unplanned economy is dubious at best. Nevertheless, these towns represent a great advance over anything hitherto done. They will be four towns where decent housing and the amenities of life are *permanently* provided for, where amenities for people, rather than profits, were a primary consideration. That has never happened before.

As a demonstration of large-scale planning they should be a stimulus to private enterprise and afford an example for future subdivisioning, whether private or municipal.

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The importance of these four projects to the cause of housing cannot be overemphasized. Urban housing, slum clearance, is at best a makeshift, temporizing with essentials, complicated by land values and real-estate opposition, tied hand and foot by ancient street patterns and economic Gordian knots. Really low rent-levels cannot be reached on city-priced land, not even with a 45-percent grant.[1] Housing under the Wagner bill will only continue to prove the futility of partial dependence on private enterprise, of insufficient federal aid, of the hopelessness of getting anything done by municipalities ridden by the spectre of real-estate operators. At best, only a neighborhood can be reconstructed, leaving it forever in danger from the surrounding pressure of blight, which often increases because the improvement is not—cannot be—large enough.

Resettlement is trying to show what can be done, on new land, to provide workers of moderate income with a way of living unheard of since Colonial days. It is a social experiment of the first magnitude, and may well set new patterns not only for housing but for city government, for these towns are to be self-governing, starting free of bonded debt, and without the possibility of speculating in land or of overexpanding. No land or houses can be sold; the ultimate sizes of the communities are definitely set. All these things bring new problems, new possibilities, which can be solved only in terms of practice, in spite of the best preparation that can be made. The horizons that open are very wide.

This country is large enough and wealthy enough to afford such an experiment. The prevailing philosophy of self-liquidation, of constipated conservatism, must not be allowed to interfere with what is, by any philosophy, next to the T.V.A. the most significant of the New Deal's attempts to be a new deal. The program has, of course, been attacked as "socialistic," radical—the usual charge. Perhaps it is—anything not of yesterday is—and some people are being hurt and are calling names. The way of progress is marked by the insulted and injured. But these towns must not be allowed to be defeated by real-estate foxery, double-crossing and indifference—the indifference of those most vitally concerned, the people who will eventually benefit by them, the landless and dispossessed, the constant victims of peculative greed, all of us, that is.

These towns are not a panacea, they will not solve the problem of housing for the masses, but they will be a demonstration of what new civic patterns can do towards making a better and more pleasant way of living. We have inherited smoke and stones and dirt, chaos and confusion: these experiments may help lead us back to air and grass and sunlight, order and harmony.

HENRY S. CHURCHILL.

[1] Mr. Frederick Ackerman of the New York City Housing Authority has compiled tables showing that to reach a $6 rental on even $1.20 land, with 60-year amortization, a 72.84 percent grant is needed, while on $4.15 land it must be as high as 89.22 percent.

Welcome, Stranger

IT WAS too wet for plowing on that May afternoon so Homer Graves drove into Woppington to buy some supplies. Inevitably he succumbed to his weakness for tobacco and the society of Elmer Durkin. The newsdealer gave his rural Republican friend a cordial greeting and inserted a cigar into that weatherbeaten face.

"I want to ask you something," the farmer said. "What do you know about this man Landon?"

"Not a thing, Homer. But I'd be glad to share my ignorance with you."

"Kinda looks like he might get the nomination at Cleveland."

"This lad sure has a loose-fingered way of snatching delegates. He's piling up a sweet lead and there's only two weeks to go. The hitch-hikers are beginning to thumb rides on Alf's band wagon. In fact, he's the only one of the entries who is showing any speed.

"A year or so ago they were giving this Vandenberg a good play and he's kept himself before the Kliegs by being the big crabber of the New Deal act in the Senate. But the Grand Rapidist did a fade-out and probably we won't hear from him again unless there's a deadlock. In that case they might slip the ball to Arthur but I'm not slapping any kopecks on him.

"Then this Frank Knox began to show something and the touts thought the newspaper guy might have what it takes. Old George Moses oozed out from under the sod and threw in with the Chicagoan, if that helped any. Then the Illinois primaries came along and put the bee on him. Frank collected the city slickers but the hick counties fell hard for Borah. Knox carried his home state by a nostril but he never recovered from his glorious victory.

"Yet the Idahoper has not done so well by himself, either. What I mean, his hits have been scattered. He gives the East the jitters and the gee-oh spaces have not been so screwy about him as you might expect. If South Dakota is the tip-off, the grain belt is not safe for Borahcracy.

"We don't know how much Hoover kidded himself about staging a comeback but he is plenty wise now. The platformers will tune in on his views, but Herb won't have to take the old hair shirt out of the camphor.

"This string of calamities seems to leave the Kansas favorite sunflower sitting pretty, but there's a little catch in it. Up to now they have picked about five hundred uninstructed delegates and there will be more when the gavel thumps. Those babies go to Cleveland all set to follow the dictates of somebody's conscience, and it makes a mean stack of chips for the big shots like Hilles and Reed and Roraback to play games with. Suppose the Topeeker opens with a nice margin over the runner-up but not enough to put it over. Would the bosses flip Alf into Lake Erie and saddle up a brunette nag like

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Vandenberg or Steiwer? Or Dickinson, the big dog-food man? Like Bill White says, it's the man in front who gets a load of buckshot in the pants.

"All I know, Homer, it has never happened since I've been squinting at these things. Remember how the wise boys ganged up to stop Hoover at K.C. and Roosevelt at Chi. It's when two or more contenders are close to the money that you draw your deadlocks. That's when they open the window and hand the baby to gents named Harding or Davis."

"I guess you're right, Elmer, but I can't figger out why Landon has done so well. Nobody around here seems to know much about him."

"You've got something there, Homer."

"Yes, he's an able man and his folks look nice in the pictures."

But that was not quite what the newsdealer meant. Six years of defeat, he alleged, had left the G.O.P. with nothing on its hands but damaged merchandise. It was clear that if the Republicans expected to sell their wares this year, they would have to find some fresh goods.

"Here's where the scenario called for an unknown soldier, and this Jayhawker looked like a natural. He had never been an accomplice of the Eminent Engineer, in fact he gets the pickle eye from that great and good man. He had been through the four plagues—depression, drought, dust and Democrats—and lived to tell the tale. He kept the budget balanced, with the aid of the customary handout from Uncle Sam. He lived in the right spot on the map, because your outfit has to get back the country breadbasket if it ever expects to eat. Best of all, nobody knew where Alf stood on the topics of the day. The cry of 'Welcome, stranger' was heard in the land."

At this point Elmer paused to snicker.

"That's been the keynote of the Landon boom. Millions of words have been spilled since they cranked up his bandwagon, but we still don't know what he thinks, if at all. They hung the 'Tourists Accommodated' sign on the state-house door and hundreds ankled in to see what made him click. The guests found him a swell guy, but when they totaled up the good news they found he asked more questions than he answered. This baby plays his cardboards so close to his chin you can't even tell if he wears a necktie.

"Alf has made a couple of spiels on the radio, but all they taught us was that he is not the boy orator of the Kaw. When the management found that he was a bum speaker they told the world that the customers were fed up with snake charmers, mentioning no names.

"Nobody knows whether he is a forward looker or a mossback. Your party is supposed to take him sight unseen. He's what the kids call a blind date.

"Anyway our hero has played a pretty smooth game so far, with only one boot. That was when he let Hearst sponsor his program in California. The gold coasters couldn't see Randolph poking his beezer into the Cleveland party, so Alfalfa Alf took one on the chin. His buddies say this setback is a break for him because now he can cut the W.R.H. tag off of his collar."

"He ought to get rid of that Hearst fellow," Mr. Graves agreed.

"If he can do that, Homer, and keep from expressing his thoughts on public questions, he's got the nomination in the bag." Elmer ended his discourse on a cheery note. "And I think you'll find him a lovely man to lose with." FELIX RAY.

The New Party and the Ballot

ALTHOUGH it seems unlikely that a national farmer-labor party will put forward a presidential ticket in the coming elections, undoubtedly there will be a concerted drive among the forces of the left to elect congressional candidates. This is regarded in many quarters as the proper strategy and preparation for a genuine new-party movement in 1940. Any such movement had better take stock now and consider the American electoral system.

In only one-third of the states can a new party be placed full-grown on the ballot, by petition or convention. For the others, the procedure in general is to make independent nominations, and receive official recognition when one or more of its candidates poll a required aggregate or percentage of the state vote. This might take four years.

The accompanying table outlines the numerical provisions of the forty-eight election laws dealing with the formation of new parties. Column one gives the requirements in the few states that allow a party to participate as such in an election immediately upon organizing. Column two gives the number of signatures required for petitions making independent nominations. Column three indicates the vote requirements for recognition as a political party, usually in connection with the primary laws.

State	*Signatures necessary to put new party on the ballot*	*Signatures necessary to make an independent nomination*	*Percentage of votes cast necessary to gain official recognition as a party*
Alabama		300	20%
Arizona	2% [1]	1%	5%
Arkansas		50	
California	1%	5%	3%
Colorado		300	10%
		1%	10%
Delaware	500 [2]		10%
Florida			30%
Georgia			
Idaho	200	200	10%
Illionis	25,000 [3]	25,000 [3]	5%
Indiana		½%	10%
Iowa	0	1,000	2%
Kansas		2,500	1%
Kentucky		1,000	20%
Louisiana	1,000		10%
Maine		1,000	1%
Maryland		2,000	1%

[1] In at least each of five counties.
[2] In each of the three counties of the state.
[3] Including 200 from each of the fifty counties.

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Massachusetts		1,000	3%
Michigan	0		2%
Minnesota	5%	1% [4]	5%
Mississippi			
Missouri		2%	3%
Montana	0	5%	3%
Nebraska	750	1,000	5%
Nevada	5%	5%	5%
New Hampshire		1,000	3%
New Jersey		2% [5]	10%
New Mexico			
New York		12,000 [6]	50,000 votes
North Carolina	10,000	25%	3%
North Dakota	300	300	5%
Ohio	15%	1%	10%
Oklahoma	5,000		5% [7]
Oregon	5%	3%	20%
Pennsylvania		½%	2%
Rhode Island		500	2%
South Carolina			
South Dakota	3%		10%
Tennessee		15	10%
Texas		1%	10,000 votes
Utah		500	2%
Vermont		1%	5%
Virginia			25%
Washington			
West Virginia		1%	1%
Wisconsin	1/6 [8]	1,000	1%
Wyoming		100	3%

In only three states—Iowa, Michigan and Montana—are there no regulations concerning the number necessary to form a new party. The election laws merely state that a convention or caucus of voters representing a political principle may make nominations.

The Southern states present the greatest difficulty. In a number of them the possibility of a new party threatening the Democrats must seem so absurd that the statute books are silent or deficient on the subject. Florida provides blank lines for independent nominations, in South Carolina a new party may conduct and pay for its own primary, and write-in votes are permissible generally. In these states a new party is faced with the added problem of impressing upon the Democratic legislatures that a large number of voters are sufficiently interested in voting against the Democrats to necessitate statutory provision for doing so.

The requirements to be met by a new party, even should it gather considerable support, are palpably discouraging. To participate as fully as possible in the 1936 election, work should already be well under way, because deadlines for filing declarations of formation and nominating petitions have been falling due since the beginning of May. Yet under the laws in effect today, such a party cannot function as an official party in every one of the states at the 1938 election, let alone by next November. Its minimum hope would be the fulfilment of all these conditions by 1940. The important point is that more stringent legal barriers against a new party are constantly being set up by the legislators of the parties in power.

MORTON S. GOLDSTEIN.

[4] 2,000 maximum.
[5] 800 maximum.
[6] 50 from each county.
[7] Or 10% total vote cast by any three other states.
[8] In ten counties.

Washington Notes

Coughlin Calls the Tune—Voters on the Move—Nye's War on War—A Sideshow for the Farmers

DURING the last ten days, the Ohio members of Congress have come straggling back from the May 12 primary, filled with tales of Father Coughlin. The achievements of Father Coughlin in Ohio have been minimized by the press, but they seem to me highly significant. The candidates endorsed by him won sixteen—one-third—of Ohio's forty-eight primary contests for nomination as representative. In Toledo, Coughlin-endorsed candidates won both Republican and Democratic primaries. In Cleveland, the Coughlin group annihilated the local Democratic organization in a knockdown, rough-and-tumble fight. The Coughlin-endorsed candidate in the statewide primary for representative-at-large lost out by an eyelash.

This is an extraordinary showing. The Ohio members of Congress, however, do not think it means that the voters are longing for a dictatorship by the rubbery prophet of Royal Oak. Rather they think it means that the voters simply want a change—some kind of drastic break with the past. According to the Ohio Congress members, most of the Coughlin voters are pro-New Deal, and would have voted for a strictly New Deal ticket had one been presented to them. Conceivably, they might have voted for Farmer-Labor candidates. But they showed that they would not vote for the regular Democratic organization, and still less for the Republicans.

This explanation seems especially plausible in the case of the Cleveland primary contest. The leader of the Cleveland Democratic organization is Mr. W. Burr Gongwer, an unabashed machine boss. Until a few days ago, the chairman of the local Democratic committee was Mr. Newton D. Baker—front-man for the public-utility companies. As the primary results showed, New Deal voters would not support them, nor their candidate, ex-Sheriff John M. Sulzmann, a minor politician chiefly distinguished for his alleged leniency towards Cleveland gamblers. Sulzmann ran against Martin L. Sweeney—a New Deal Democrat and the incumbent Congress member—to whom Gongwer had denied renomination. Sweeney allied himself with Father Coughlin and the local Townsend clubs. On the Sunday before election, Coughlin came to Cleveland, and endorsed Sweeney at a great mass meeting in the Cleveland Stadium. Sweeney beat Sulzmann with ease.

In Toledo, at a rally presided over by Father Coughlin, the independent Republican and Democratic candidates both marched up on the platform, and pledged their loyalty to him in highly emotional terms. However, there was a special reason for Coughlin's victory at Toledo. A few days before the primary, the funds of the local relief organization ran out. Grocers refused to accept the relief orders that it issued, and the unemployed were desperate. Undoubtedly they vented their anger at the polls.

It seems to me that the Ohio primary is worth the study of both Mr. Roosevelt and the advocates of a third party. It shows that there is a growing body of voters in Ohio, perhaps a majority, now ready to turn their backs on the

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old political organizations. It is likely that the same insurgency exists in other states. These voters will support Mr. Roosevelt if he offers them a genuine New Deal program. But if he compromises with the reactionary elements of the Democratic Party—for example, with the Newton D. Bakers—they are prepared to seek other leadership. They are on the move, like a great herd of barren-lands caribou, and will follow the first antlered stag they see.

Whatever may be Father Coughlin's future, it must be admitted that he holds more concrete political power now than at any other time since opening the radio station of the Shrine of the Little Flower. The Michigan primaries will not be held until September, but the Michigan congress members say privately that he is likely to capture many of the county organizations, and may easily become the chief political factor of the state. In the recent Pennsylvania primary, Michael J. Stack, with the endorsement of Father Coughlin, defeated the Democratic machine in Philadelphia, thereby administering a severe black eye to its leader, John B. Kelly, the darling of Postmaster General Farley. The only important setback that Coughlin has yet suffered was in last week's New Jersey primary.

It is reported that Senator Nye and his munitions-investigating colleagues will fight to attach their war-profits bill, as a rider, to the pending administration tax measure. They are expected to do this almost at once, and may have taken the first legislative steps before this is printed. Senator Nye is reported to have recruited a band of Senators to stand with him in a long filibuster, if one proves necessary. For weeks the war-profits bill has been locked up in the Senate Finance Committee, after having been grudgingly approved by a subcommittee headed by Senator Nye's bitterest opponent, Senator Connally of Texas. Fortunately, another member of the subcommittee was Senator La Follette, who prevented the bill from being fatally emasculated. As it left the munitions committee, the bill provided for a 90-percent tax in wartime on all incomes of more than $10,000, and rose thereafter to 100 percent. The subcommittee's version imposes a 25-percent tax on incomes of between $10,000 and $15,000, and a maximum of 80 percent on those of $1,000,000 and more. If this bill can be passed—and if industrialists can be made to believe that it will be enforced—it ought to serve permanently to diminish propaganda for war.

Mr. George W. Peek, former head of the non-functioning Export and Import Bank, is causing the administration acute alarm. He is now speaking throughout the Middle West farm areas, apparently under the auspices of the Farmers' Independence Council, to which that well known dirt farmer, Mr. Lammot du Pont, is a heavy contributor. The Council sponsors a traveling side-show composed of neatly labeled samples of fresh Argentine beef, Polish hams, canned corn from Germany, canned sausage from Holland, carrots and peas from France, oatmeal from Ireland and beans from Italy. All these products, it is explained, have been recently imported into the United States as a result of Secretary Hull's tariff treaties. Administration scouts report that Mr. Peek and the exhibits are finding interested and approving audiences.

Washington. T. R. B.

Other People's Money

The Diamond Horseshoe Gyps the Public—Mr. Young's Medal—The Balkan King Had the Right Idea

MONEY, alas, has a way of getting mixed up in everything. Even the church must have its plant. The modern savior cannot, of course, operate upon a shoestring, as did the great evangelist of Judea. He—or she—must have his temple, his public-relations counsel, his airplane—like Father Divine—for getting his angels to Paradise. The great churches must have their cathedrals, their hierarchies, their schools and eleemosynary institutions, their printing presses, their ecclesiastical judiciaries. But all this costs money. And so we find them bowing graciously to those lordly communicants who have the sanctified dough.

And so, of course, it is with art. Mr. Irving Kolodin, a young musician and assistant music critic of The New York Sun, has just produced a history of the Metropolitan (The Metropolitan Opera, 1883-1935; Oxford University Press, $3.75) which turns the spotlight at intervals upon the goings-on in the box office and the counting room and within the directorate of the opera. As one interested in opera and disgusted with the spectacle the Metropolitan has presented, I read the book with interest chiefly for its revival of old memories and its story of the many seasons of opera which delighted those who had the price and might have delighted so many more, if opera had fallen into different hands.

When the question of accumulated wealth is mentioned in certain quarters, you are sure to be told how much the patronized public has benefited from these accumulations—how much has been showered on art and artists and how the great advances in music, painting and science have been due to the generous endowments of the rich Maecenases who have made all this possible.

The Metropolitan is an excellent example of these benefices, as Mr. Kolodin tells the story. Thus we were reminded by Mr. Paul D. Cravath, when the Metropolitan came upon the difficulties of the depression, that during the existence of the opera patrons had contributed $5,000,000. That sounds like a great deal. But a single glance at what happened reveals how empty is this claim.

First of all the Metropolitan is owned by the Metropolitan Opera and Real Estate Company. Five million dollars in thirty-five years means $142,857 a year. For these contributions the owners of the House enjoyed the use of a box each. There are thirty-five boxholders. Hence $142,857 a year divided among the thirty-five means $4,081.62 each. This entitled them to the use of the box at seventy-eight subscription performances in a season, which means $52.32 per box per performance. This means $8.72 a seat. These seats were not mere seats at the opera, but preferred positions in that gaudy and pretentious arena of swank—the Diamond Horseshoe. To make that Diamond Horseshoe, an auditorium was built that is perhaps as bad as anything in the history of the theatre.

But the gentlemen are not out of pocket at all. Because in 1926 they were offered $7,000,000 for the opera house and refused it, asking $10,000,000. They could not

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get that much now, but doubtless their $5,000,000 is safe. So it all boils down to this: that for thirty-five years they have enjoyed for nothing the opera and the posturing and exhibitionism they love in their Diamond Horseshoe —with a fair dividend thrown in—while opera was in fact paid for by those who roosted in the abominable seats of the galleries beginning at the third tier. That the public paid the bills and more is evidenced by the fact that in 1929 the company that produced opera had a cash reserve of $1,100,000 accumulated from the prosperous seasons.

There is plenty more to Mr. Kolodin's interesting history, which certainly every opera-goer and radio patron will want to read. But the bald financial facts of the opera ought not to be lost upon those who read the book for the mere love of the great art to which this mishandled institution has been dedicated.

The medal-hangers are at it again. Mr. Owen D. Young, who hung a medal upon the breast of the great humanitarian, J. P. Morgan, was himself decorated with a medal by the Society of Arts and Sciences last week. It was for his contributions to international good will and the principles of good government and good business. The Society of Arts and Sciences was organized, according to the papers, by Herbert Spencer. At the Young presentation, addresses were made by certain living successors of the great English philosopher—Dr. Jesse H. Jones, inventor of the government railroad hand-out, Dr. Barron Collier, who substituted the street-car advertising card for the sandwich man, and Dr. Thomas J. Watson, purveyor of card-index systems to the world.

Here follows a letter that Mr. Young did *not* write to the Medal Jury when he heard he was to get the medal:

"Gentlemen:

"I am informed that I am to be decorated with a medal for my contributions to the present condition of the world. I beg you will believe I am not ungrateful. Yet I cannot forbear expressing some apprehension that the moment is hardly propitious for the men of our day and our performances to be hanging medals on each other.

"I cannot help thinking of a certain medal-hanging episode ascribed to a Balkan monarch. His regime was falling about his ears. The populace was in the streets howling for his head. His horses waited at the postern gate to bear him away. The roar of distant artillery announced the appearance of the pretender. He summoned about him his ministers and generals. 'My faithful servants,' he said, 'you have done well. Outside you hear how I am acclaimed by the people and what they think of the splendid work you have done for me. To you I owe my present enviable position in history. I wish to bestow upon you a mark of my gratitude.'

"Thereupon he hung a medal on each. But he forced the medalists to kneel with their backs to him and he pinned the baubles upon the seats of their breeches. He left them standing at attention with their trophies hanging where he had put them. May I suggest that we are still a little too close to the achievements of our generation for medal hanging. Perhaps we need a little humility rather than decorations. Why not save the medals for the generation who will be called upon to untangle the mess we have made?"

JOHN T. FLYNN.

The Bandwagon

The depression now dragging to a reluctant close was very real all over Europe, but in this country it was largely imaginary. . . . Many of the unemployed, in fact, have lived better during the past four years than they would have lived had they been at work.—*Henry L. Mencken in The Baltimore Evening Sun.*

Since they've been in England, Mr. and Mrs. Boris Karloff telephone their Beverly Hills home once a week to find out how their seven dogs are getting along without them. And each mutt must bark into the receiver to prove that he's O.K.—*News item in The Los Angeles Times.*

Their morale [that of Negro stevedores unloading American ships in France during the War] was low. When General Pershing sought to inspire them to greater endeavor by promising that those who did the best work might hope for transfer to combat units on the fighting front, enthusiasm was wholly lacking. It was evident that some other kind of inducement was a necessity.—*Major General James G. Harbord in his book, "The American Army in France," as summarized in The New York Times.*

You are going to get peace more easily under dictators than under parliamentary governments. Parliamentary governments have demagogues exploiting themselves for their own purposes and appealing to prejudice instead of reason.

Dictatorship is a revolt against the demagogue exploiting his people.—*Former Vice President Charles G. Dawes, in a speech in Chicago.*

THE LIBERTY LEAGUE OF '76

The American Revolution was a revolution against the radicalism that had been imposed by an executive who sought to destroy by forced construction the constitution adopted by free Englishmen more than 500 years before. George the Third was a German king who had little sympathy for the binding force of constitutions adopted in the past. He was preëminently a progressive of the modern type.—*Dr. Gus W. Dyer, professor of Economics at Vanderbilt University, speaking at the annual convention of the Daughters of the American Revolution.*

AND A CITIZEN SINCE 1812?

I have frequently found the reason those who criticize and condemn this organization [the D.A.R.] is due to the fact that they are not eligible, although they would be glad to join, for it means a member has been a resident of this country for many generations.—*From a letter in The New York World-Telegram.*

ADD DEFINITIONS OF COMMUNISM: 3

Christians are sons of God. Communists are sons of Agag.—*Editorial in The Defender.*

Our readers are invited to contribute to this column and $1 will be paid for each item used. Address the Bandwagon, care of The New Republic.—THE EDITORS.

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CORRESPONDENCE

Those Wicked Dividends

SIR: In the well considered editorial "Taxation Sense and Nonsense" appearing in your issue of May 20, you correctly cite me as opposing a levy on undistributed corporate profits on the ground that in penalizing non-distribution of income, "it would encourage the bad American corporate habit of incurring large fixed debts for capital purposes without ever paying the money back." In rebuttal thereto you state that our bad debt habits have grown without such a tax and "there is no assurance that if this bill were not passed, surplus profits would be used for debt amortization any more than at present."

It is true that there is no reason to anticipate sudden voluntary reform in our debt-management policies. But the point is that the proposed tax, by giving a premium on every dollar of earnings that is paid out in dividends, would put the government in the position of bribing corporate management to aggravate enormously this form of injury to the rights of bondholders as well as to general corporate health. This is an evil inescapable and fundamental in this principle of taxation—wholly irrespective of what half or full-baked congressional compromise may be arrived at.

New York City. A. WILFRED MAY.

The Phoenix Scandal in Austria

SIR: In your issue of May 13 you say about the Phoenix scandal in Austria:

". . . the recipients of this largesse were of all political faiths—Nazis, Social Democrats, supporters of the government. . . ."

May I call your attention to the fact that this is only technically correct. The only Socialist organization that had a loan from the Phoenix was the Technische Union. As soon as the Trade Union Council learned of this loan (in 1932) Mr. Zelenka, the president of the Union, was forced to resign. He was called before the Party Tribunal on February 29, 1932, and asked to give up his seat as a member of Parliament. As he did not do it, he was expelled from the party on August 1, 1932.

The charge that the Socialist Party is involved in the Phoenix scandal is thus brought up by the Fatherland Front only to divert attention from the incredible corruption within its own ranks.

New York City. R. M.

Baudelaire in Translation

SIR: Though Malcolm Cowley admits that it will be several months before he can judge the translations of "Les Fleurs du Mal" fairly, he inconsistently praises two eminent perpetrators of a literary crime [The New Republic, April 15]. That the joint efforts of Mr. George Dillon and Miss Edna St. Vincent Millay have resulted in the best available desecration of Baudelaire in English can be shown by a ruck of examples. "Avec les ombres de la nuit" becomes "Amid the shadows hollow and deep." "La nature est un temple" (the opening line of "Correspondences") is transmuted into "All nature is one temple!"

The concentrated stuff which Baudelaire's poetry is made of has been constantly and consistently diluted. "J'ai plus de souvenirs que si j'avais mille ans" is vitiated by two lines—thus:

> I swear to you that if I lived a thousand years
> I could not be more crammed with dubious souvenirs.

A change of emphasis is often achieved by a transposition of words—with what disastrous effects: "Je suis comme le roi d'un pays pluvieux," "A rainy country this, that I am monarch of—" A musical stanza charged with unspoken subtlety is frequently changed into outspoken banality. *En bloc* most of the poems make a poorer showing than individual lines.

One dares not think that so judicious a critic as Mr. Cowley has been obfuscated by the glamorous names of the translators. Has the better part of him been cowed by a few passable renditions like those of "La Fontaine de Sang" and "Les Bijoux"? And why does he dispose so lightly of the recent translators' predecessors? Mr. Dillon and Miss Millay are much better, of course, than Symons. But it is rather annoying that neither Miss Millay in her preface nor Mr. Cowley in his review so much as mentions Lewis Piaget Shanks, who is the author of some excellent translations of Baudelaire.

Finally, is it because Cowley had so little to say about the translation of "Les Fleurs du Mal" that he irrelevantly appended to his review a short essay on Baudelaire as revolutionist?

Boston, Mass. E. SILBERSCHLAG.

And Long Live Staffordshire!

SIR: I don't at all object to being called a bluestocking (in the review of Winifred Holtby's "South Riding" in your issue of April 15), and still less to being placed in the same category of blueness as Winifred Holtby, Storm Jameson and Phyllis Bentley, but on behalf of my Yorkshire friends I must protest against being called a Yorkshire bluestocking. Never in my life have I been in Yorkshire for more than a few days at a time. My family have been for two hundred years natives of Staffordshire and I was born in the Potteries not three miles from the spot now famous as the birthplace of Arnold Bennett.

I am afraid, therefore, that I have little in common with those Yorkshire writers who possess "a deep seriousness and a positive inability to go off the deep end of anything." Too much of my life has been spent in going off the deep end of nearly everything. Nor do I ever, as your critic suggested, sit squarely at a dining room table in front of a good solid typewriter, since I am a moron at typing and have to write even the shortest articles in longhand. I have long been privileged to call Winifred Holtby and Storm Jameson my greatest friends, but I fear that even they would never have admitted me as a native of their stern, solid and serious county.

London, England. VERA BRITTAIN.

Wilson: For and Forninst

SIR: Many people, among them myself, read The New Republic regularly because the material it prints has the dual virtue of being both significant and authentic. Yet you do much to ruin our faith when you allow yourself to become the medium for such a collection of trivia, misstatement and false generalization as is contained in the series of articles on the Soviet Union by Edmund Wilson. Just having returned to the United States after a year and a half in the U.S.S.R., I wanted to check my experiences with that of a sharp and sensitive mind such as Mr. Wilson's. . . . I find that Mr. Wilson has filled his articles with a series of pretty preciosities that throw little light on anything except the author's whims and personal caprice. . . .

Much more serious than this, however, are the startling misstatements and bold, undocumented generalizations which, if true, undermine the entire basis of the Soviet regime and surely make it a worthless ideal to defend on this side of the water. One can only get mad on reading that "nobody was allowed to sit down [at the sports parade] while Stalin was standing," or "Apparently the persons who are privileged to assist at these big demonstrations are Communists, near-Communists and foreign visitors." I do not like to accuse Mr. Wilson of malicious untruth, yet these two ostensibly casual statements—containing implications loaded with dynamite—do not have the least basis in fact, since people have been sitting for years while Stalin was standing at demonstrations, while the choice of seats for Red Square is not determined by closeness to communism, but usually by *udarnik* work.

However, what is really significant is that Mr. Wilson finds "cold-blooded manipulation of the people by the governing power," although he states quite casually at another point that "I came away from Russia knowing almost as little of Russian politics as

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I had when I arrived." Since this accusation undermines the very basis of the Soviet regime and since, in liberal and left-wing circles, this question is at best controversial, the least Mr. Wilson could have done was to have fully documented his observation. The author also finds that, cowed by this governing power, the Russians exhibit "docility and timidity." This statement is simple stupidity to anyone who has been in the Soviet Union, and reveals armchair observation instead of first-hand contact with the people. "But how can people who have just learned to read be expected to criticize the press?" asks Mr. Wilson. It would have been quite a sound idea, I think, if Mr. Wilson had bought himself a good Russian grammar book, learned the language and read Pravda or Izvestia on any day of the year to learn how much truth is contained in his rhetorical question.

Mr. Wilson found "the atmosphere of fear and suspicion is really pretty oppressive. It has evidently become more intense since the Kirov assassination." I was in Russia at the time of the Kirov assassination, and for more than a year afterwards. It is true that immediately after the assassination an air of tenseness prevailed. But it died within a month or two—before Mr. Wilson's arrival in the Soviet Union. I knew many Russians, socially and at work, and I found none of this "fear and suspicion" except in one girl whose father had been exposed for an anti-Soviet act.

Chicago, Ill. ARTHUR BEHRSTOCK.

SIR: For some weeks now I have been following the letters criticizing Edmund Wilson's series of articles with as much interest as the articles themselves.

If anyone wants to know what's wrong with Russian-American communism, all he has to do is read these letters. The writers of them apparently cannot tolerate anyone who speaks of the Soviet Union while standing erect: they demand at least one knee on the ground.

I'd hate to see "freedom of the press" fall into the hands of this crew. Not only Edmund Wilson but probably the whole staff of The New Republic would have to scram to other countries—unless they consented humbly to sing in the choir.

New York City. HOWARD HAYES.

SIR: I suppose that Edmund Wilson has cooked his goose so far as the Communist Party is concerned, for his articles on Russia are making many of its members speechless with rage. However, I should like to join with Mr. Cantwell in his intelligent appraisal of the series [The New Republic, May 6]. Of all that I have read of Russia, and it is a good deal, Mr. Wilson's notes have given me the greatest pleasure. In reading his impressions, so particularly well done in "Russian Idyls," I have felt something of the kind of people Russians are and of the kind of country they have that no other account has granted me. If Mr. Hearst quotes from these articles, it will be with isolated sentences jerked from their context so that their implications are distorted, for to my mind there is nothing anti-Russian in them and any spluttering attempts to assert the contrary seem to be the result of the lack of a sense of proportion.

New Haven, Conn. R. P. MIZENER.

Song of the Glass-Conscious Intellectuals

Dearly we love the working class
The tovariski, the downtrodka
We also love the foaming kvass
The viski and the vodka.

New York City. JOE GOULD.

From The New Republic Mail Bag

Horace B. Davis, chairman of the Joint Committee for the Defense of the Brazilian People, points out that more than 47,000,000 Brazilians are now being denied every civil and democratic right guaranteed them by their constitution. This repression is carried on by the Vargas dictatorship under the cloak of martial law. The Minister of Labor is conducting a systematic campaign of extermination of labor unions and the number of political prisoners in Brazil has now reached a total of 17,000. Readers of The New Republic are invited to send contributions to and participate in the activities of the committee, whose headquarters are at Room 534, 156 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

A big anthology of contemporary poetry is now being prepared in Chicago. The editors hope to include one poem by each of as many as 2,000 poets (we didn't know there were so many in this country). After publication, the book will be submitted to a jury of literary critics, who will award prizes for the best poems included—$250 for the most original verse, $150 for the most original sonnet, $100 for the most original quatrain. Poets who wish to be included in this anthology should submit selections from their recent work to Carlyle Straub, publisher, 20 East Jackson Boulevard, Chicago.

Joseph G. Berger, president of the Wisconsin Rapids Teachers' Federation, writes us that the Federation is still carrying on a fight for the renewal of the contracts of thirteen teachers who were dropped last April for their activity in forming the local there. They are taking the issue to the polls this June in a special election on recall of the Board of Education, which they accuse of incompetence.

A. H. de Graff, who is an automobile dealer in Gouverneur, New York, gives us some of the reactions of a practical automobile man to D. H. Palmer's article in the Aprill 22 issue of The New Republic. Mr. de Graff says that the public does not want an extra light, very economical car and will not buy one even if put on the market. He defends present automobile models by saying that they require only about five percent as much servicing as the old cars of seven or eight years ago and consume very little oil, which used to be a heavy item of expense. He thinks that many of the new "gadgets" belittled by Mr. Palmer represent genuine engineering improvements and believes that the eighteen or twenty surviving manufacturers out of a total of seven hundred now offer genuine values to present purchasers of motor cars.

Roy Wilkins, assistant secretary of the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People, sends us a copy of a telegram recently sent to President Roosevelt pointing out that seventy-two lynchings have taken place since the present administration assumed office. The Association makes a vigorous appeal for the administration to campaign for the adoption of the Wagner-Costigan anti-lynching bill.

Officers of the Technical, Editorial and Office Assistants' Union, Room 1435, 22 East Seventeenth Street, New York City, remind us that seven of the former Consumers' Research strikers are still on bail and facing trial in Warren County, New Jersey, on charges of unlawful assembly, riot and malicious mischief brought by F. J. Schlink. This is in spite of the fact that the strike itself was called off last January and the further circumstance that the disturbances leading to the arrests are said to have been provoked by a special policeman who was partly in the pay of Consumers' Research. A defense fund is badly needed and contributions will be welcomed by the union.

What's on the Air?

Senator William E. Borah makes his last pre-convention address in a broadcast from Washington, D. C. Thursday, May 28, 8:30 to 9 P. M., C.B.S.

Senator Arthur H. Vandenberg is interviewed by H. V. Kaltenborn. Sunday, May 21, 8:30 to 9 P. M., C.B.S.

"What Do the Dictators Want?" a three-way discussion by Dorothy Thompson, Anne O'Hare McCormick and Princess Lowenstein. Monday, June 1, 10:30 to 11 P. M., N.B.C.-WJZ.

Jules Romains will speak on "Peace in the World." Wednesday, June 3, 11 to 11:15 P. M., N.B.C.-WEAF.

Chester Davis, head of the A.A.A., talks from Des Moines. Wednesday, June 3, 5 to 5:30 P. M., N.B.C.-WEAF.

Henry P. Fletcher, chairman of the Republican National Comittee, will discuss "The Issues." Sunday, June 7, 6:30 to 7 P. M., C.B.S.

George Lyman Kittredge addresses the commencement exercises of Union College. Monday, June 8, 11:15 to 11:45 P. M., N.B.C.-WEAF.

The Republican National Convention, starting Tuesday, June 9, will be broadcast intermittently by both major networks.

All times given are Eastern Daylight Saving Time.

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Every Section Its Humor

Humor of the Old Deep South, edited by Arthur Palmer Hudson. New York: The Macmillan Company. 572 pages. $5.

THERE are many kinds of thunders and a good deal of its own has been stolen, by one section and another, from the old Deep South. And yet the simple truth is, as Professor Hudson says, that in the span of time, the four hundred years of that section's history since the coming of the first Europeans, and in the variety of national cultures and enterprises that have been manifested there, the political history of the lower Mississippi Valley is more ancient and cosmopolitan than that of any other region of the United States. As Coleridge said of the poet's activity and his reader's responses, the labors of research in this field are "like the motion of a serpent, which the Egyptians made the symbol of intellectual power": it winds in and out of the strangest and most divers fields. The "humor" of the title is used as Ben Jonson would use it. Some of the scenes are tragic enough, with a grim lurking comic flash that may break out "like a dog fight at a country funeral," to relieve the tension. Some of the passages are anecdotal, some character sketches, some diary matters, some the observations of travelers. There are also excerpts from newspapers, old almanacs and magazines.

The selections begin with passages from the account of De Soto written by A Gentleman of Elva's, the "Relaçam Verdadeira" (True Relation), that famous book in Portuguese translated and republished many times, notably by Richard Hakluyt, in 1609. We read how Christmas came, how De Soto stepped into the scene of the great river; how he died and was buried, was disinterred by night, the blanket around his body weighted with sand and sunk in the middle of the river, so that the Indians might believe that as often before he had merely gone into the sky. Rodrigo Ranjel says that he saw Don Antonio Osorio, brother of the Lord Marquis of Astorgo, in rags, no hat, barefooted, a sword and no shield, bearing silently, because of his great lineage, ills that common men would wail about, although at home in Spain he had two thousand ducats income through the Church. He had now to dig with his nails for what little he got to eat, and Rodrigo could hardly forbear laughing when he heard that this knight had left the Church and such an income to go in search of such a life as this, at the sound of the words of De Soto. From such a beginning, 1540, we are presently among the French, the British. We read, for example, from Harriet Martineau or from Alexander Wilson, Audubon's forerunner, in whose "American Anthology" the gangs along the Natchez Trace are pictured. The selections fall into groups: the Indians; hunters and fishermen; doctors; lawyers; judges and catchpolls; politicians; preachers; players and showmen; barkeepers; steamboat bullies; captains, colonels, privates; pirates; picaroons; schoolmasters; duelists; ghosts; ladies; darkies; and the Fourth Estate, newspapers, flogging editors, defending proper pride, and so on.

The sources ready to hand, sought out, unearthed, as the case might be, that are drawn upon have also an astonishing range. William Bartram's "Travels"; Chateaubriand's "Voyage" and the notes to "Atala" and "Les Natchez"; works by Captain John Pope, Fortescue Cuming, Christian Schultz, Audubon; Gideon Linecum's "Autobiography," the record of a pioneer doctor; Lorenzo Dow's "Life and Travels" and "History of a Cosmopolite"; Noah Miller Ludlow's "Dramatic Life as I Found It"; J. R. S. Pitts's "Life and Bloody Career of James Copeland"; J. R. Howard's "Life and Adventures of Virgil A. Stewart"; George H. Devol's "Forty Years a Gambler on the Mississippi"; Dr. W. M. Philips' "Diary of a Mississippi Planter"; newspapers such as The Impartial Observer, Natchez (1801); The Mississippi Palladium, Holly Springs; The Sunny South, Aberdeen; The Intelligencer, Oxford; magazines like The Southern Monthly, published in Memphis; The Magnolia, in Savannah, or The Southern Literary Messenger, Richmond, and De Bow's Review, New Orleans; these are but a few of the originals from which the editor, with happy choice, has taken something around two hundred and fifty excerpts, long and short.

Sir William Howard Russell, the celebrated British journalist, is represented by his notes on Mississippi dueling, plus shotguns, pistols and knives, which he found barbarous beyond all toleration. They told him how Sargent S. Prentiss, when General Foote objected to the cane that aided Prentiss' lameness, said, throwing the cane scornfully away: "Tell General Foote, he may stand behind that sapling." And "standing on one foot, with a cigar in his mouth, he reserved his fire and wounded his opponent." The most desperate of all was the famous contest in 1829 on the "shores of the river," between Colonel Bowie and a gentleman of Natchez, when the twenty gentlemen ranged on each side in the interest of fair play broke, all forty of them, into a fight when the second shots were fired; three were killed and a number wounded, including Colonel Bowie's surgeon. Before that year, 1861, however, when the English visitor was thus scandalized at the bloodiness in the conversation of gentlemen, dueling had about ceased; indeed, some years before then the citizens of Natchez had given General Duffield a piece of plate for refusing to accept a challenge.

A clever Irishman, Tyrone Power, visiting Natchez in 1835, left an account of a showboat he saw there on the river, and of the Natchez theatre and the planters bringing their families nightly to the play. They wore white or green suits, he says, with broad belts, and white Spanish beaver hats, high leggings or boots and heavy spurs, their horses with Spanish saddles, small , massive brass stirrups, and saddleblankets often "of scarlet or light blue, bound with broad gold or silver lace." After the performance there was a general muster to horse—indeed in those hackney-coach days, he says, "to look on so many fine horses, with their antique caparisons, piquetted about the theatre, recalled the palmy days of the Globe and Bear-garden."

From the standpoint of literary history the pieces of importance in this volume are those illustrating story-telling, the tall tale, the simple straight account of some lark, adventure or burly incident. Of late years this phase of our American literature has come into more attention. The case of Mark Twain is obvious and acknowledged. I venture to say that among other writers from the South the more purely Southern quality in them is related to, or derives from, the habit and tradition illustrated in these early tales.

STARK YOUNG.

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BOOKS IN REVIEW

Flight from the Masses

FOUR YEARS ago Edmund Wilson wrote "The American Jitters," possibly the most valuable and certainly among the least appreciated of all the books that have dealt with the depression. It contains a series of articles that appeared in The New Republic, but the book itself has to be read from beginning to end in order to get the cumulative effect of it. Ostensibly Wilson was reporting the state of the nation in 1931, after one of those transcontinental tours that so many journalists have made since then. But there was another story involved, the story of a traveler in search of a philosophy. At first Wilson was a progressive, mildly hopeful that older progressives like Senators Norris and Cutting would point out a path for him to follow; then step by step he became convinced that Marx was his real guide, that our whole society was bankrupt and would have to be reorganized. The book ends with a succession of powerful chapters, in one of which he expresses at some length his admiration for Soviet Russia.

Wilson has now fulfilled the promise half-made in those chapters: he has gone to Russia and has formed his own judgment of the new civilization there. But "Travels in Two Democracies"[1] also contains some further reports on America, and these I found definitely inferior to "The American Jitters." The writing is just as good as ever, and there are two passages that are pretty nearly superb—a report on the Oxford Groups called "Saving the Right People and Their Butlers" and a fantasy called "What to Do till the Doctor Comes," full of tepid vice and people too passionless to be damned. But the section as a whole is composed of postscripts and codicils; it lacks the clear direction that Wilson's earlier pieces seem to derive from their sympathy for the working class.

The Russian half of the book, which was printed in part by The New Republic, has started an argument that shows no sign of stopping. It seems to me that most of those who have been abusing Wilson, and some of those praising him, have misunderstood what he was trying to do. In the first place, his account of Russia is more favorable to the Soviets than anyone would guess from the separately printed extracts (most of which dealt with Moscow, a city where he felt less at home than in Leningrad or Odessa). In the second place, his habit of relating trivial incidents does not reveal a trivial mind. It is part of a plan which consists in reducing socialism to the scale of daily life, and in writing an account of Russia based on what he saw with his own eyes and heard with his own ears. (The only time his method seems to betray him is in his passages on Stalin, where actually he departs from it to the extent of depending on hearsay and on an obviously malicious book by Boris Souvarine.) And, in the third place, Wilson's narrative is valuable not only as a vivid impression of Russian life but also as a mental autobiography written with persistent candor.

In a sense it is a sequel to "The American Jitters," but this time the stages in his thinking are more difficult to explain. The first stage, I think, was a puzzled disillusionment, never directly expressed but underlying whole chapters. Wilson in his earlier book had spoken of hoping to see "the whole world fairly and sensibly run, as Russia now is run, instead of by shabby politicians in the interests of acquisitive manufacturers, business men and bankers." He had condemned his fellow intellectuals for "their extreme skittishness about Russia," and had said that writers would be better off under socialism. But he found that Russian writers were either conforming to official standards at some cost to themselves or else were rebelling at a still heavier cost; and he decided that the intellectual world had an atmosphere of nervous tension that suggested New York. The politicians in Moscow were more honest but hardly more appealing than politicians elsewhere. As for the Russian masses, he was repelled by their inefficiency and vast inertia.

Soon his thinking entered a second stage. He became an American patriot, took pride in American initiative, the American standard of living, and partially forgot the ignorance and misery that he had chronicled in "The American Jitters." It was unfortunate, he thought, that Russia had become the first socialist country. "The opponents of socialism can always put down to socialism anything they find objectionable in Russia. The advocates of socialism are betrayed into defending things which are really distasteful to them, and which they have no business defending." With its greater technical knowledge and its republican institutions, America would have an easier time developing a collective society.

A third stage in his thinking began on the homeward journey, even before he crossed the Polish border. He was suddenly sorry to be leaving Russia and began to think of all its friendly and human qualities. The sight of fat Polish business men, overbearing officers and whining beggars made him long to be back in a country where nobody seemed rude or servile or tried to sell you anything whatever. He reflected that the Soviet Union was "at the moral top of the world, where the light never really goes out." The Western capitals, Berlin, Paris, now seemed dead beyond hope of resurrection.

But he had one other reaction to his travels, one that is important in his mental history, but hard to define because it was almost purely instinctive. In the old hospital in Odessa, where he spent six weeks recovering from scarlet fever, he had his first experience since the War of being with people from morning till midnight, of living collectively. He liked it in a curious fashion, yet he violently rebelled against it; and in self-defense, I should judge, he developed a cult of the genius and the hero. Lenin in particular became the object of this cult, and Wilson here exalts him at the expense of his countrymen—who are amazed, he says, "with their formless and expressionless faces, when they look down on him and know that he was one of them, and that he invoked from their loose and sluggish plasm all those triumphs to which life must rise and to which he thought himself the casual guidepost." The whole passage is one of the most eloquent that Wilson has written. But in the course of it he seems to forget that Lenin, in addition to creating a new revolutionary Russia, was himself produced by an older revolutionary Russia—that his career was made possible by the sacrifice of other careers, beginning with that of his own brother, who was executed for trying to kill the Tsar; that his mind was

[1] Travels in Two Democracies, by Edmund Wilson. New York: Harcourt, Brace and Company. 333 pages. $2.50.

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sharpened by dispute with minds almost as keen; that his determination was strengthened by his determined comrades; that in short he was the arm and the voice of an idea for which thousands had died obscurely before the first gun was fired in the October revolution. Lenin is the archetype of modern hero, whose individuality grows through his relation to a collective movement. And therefore it seems curious when Wilson exalts him as a genius out of the void, and still more curious when he adjures the rest of us to be like him, in these days "when accuracy of insight, when courage of judgment, are worth all the names in all the books." We have been adjured these two thousand years without being much the better for it. Today the best that can be done is to prepare and organize the events that will give men a chance to reveal whatever insight or courage or judgment they may have within them.

MALCOLM COWLEY.

Science out of the Cloister

Men of Science, by J. G. Crowther. New York: W. W. Norton and Company. 345 pages. $3.50.

MR. J. G. Crowther's "Men of Science" is the first of a new series of biographical interpretations. It is an attempt to study the achievements of England's great galaxy of nineteenth-century physicists in terms of their social and economic relationships. At the height of the Victorian period Samuel Smiles wrote a series of industrial biographies that very ably set forth the work and days of the engineers and inventors and industrialists who had laid the foundations for England's industrial leadership; but for some curious reason those very popular books, which are still a mine of important data, found no real successors: glamor passed from the inventive enterpriser to the militaristic financier. Mr. Crowther picks up the thread at the point where Smiles dropped it: but instead of dealing with the derivative motors of industry, he deals with the prime movers—the physical scientists who opened new fields of exploration, formulated new problems, and laid the basis for a thousand practical applications.

In his choice of subjects and in his exposition of the scientific aspects of their work, Mr. Crowther has been most successful; and if one finds his social interpretation sometimes strained, sometimes muddled and inconclusive, one must in all fairness grant to him the leniency one accords to the work of a pioneer. In breaking away from the illusory notion that science exists in a sort of vacuum container, entirely aloof from the problems of mortal men, uninfluenced by their follies and their failings, he has ably followed up a point that Patrick Geddes used to make again and again. But it is one thing to recognize that all thought is socially conditioned; it is another to follow through the delicate personal and social threads that bind a theory in physics to the current life of a community; and much work must be done in social theory as well as in biography before a satisfactory resolution of these problems will be possible.

From the standpoint of straightforward social analysis, the life of William Thomson (Lord Kelvin) is the most conclusive. Although an eminent physicist, he did not disdain to grapple with the pressing tasks of industry; and it was through his aid that the Atlantic cable was finally laid and that the Glasgow shipbuilders worked out some of their difficult problems in the design of the steamship. In his close relation to the industrial milieu and in his large pecuniary ambitions, he was one of the first of a new type of scientific consultant, who, infusing science into money-making activities, also infused money-making activities into science, with a final outcome that was on the whole to be happier for industry than for science.

In the case of a far greater scientist, Faraday, Mr. Crowther's analysis is not quite so successful, for the reason that Faraday's relationship to his environment was, on the whole, one of opposition rather than acceptance. Faraday belonged to a narrow evangelical Protestant sect, and year by year retired further into the shell of his private life, declining all manner of practical responsibility. Unlike Humphrey Davy, he was indifferent to social allurements or social prestige, and unlike Clerk-Maxwell, he was incapable of founding, and coöperating in, a research laboratory that harbored in social harmony many different types of worker. Now, except in a negative way, Faraday does not bear the imprint of the dominant milieu: his method and outlook connect him to the older tradition of the cloister. Mr. Crowther realizes here and there that the traditions of physical science, as embodied in its greatest figures, are associated with an abstemious and often absolutely sterile sexual life: the scientific technique, as Davy explained it, was designed to "destroy the influence of terms connected only with feeling," and it was therefore completely genial only to men with defective feeling. Mr. Crowther likewise notes the parallel between Newton's and Faraday's nervous breakdown at the same age of forty-nine. This diversion of the libido from biological ends to high abstractions is, however, a characteristic phenomenon of the cloister—one might even say that Faraday belonged to an early Anchorite order, whereas Clerk-Maxwell's laboratory was in the tradition of the Benedictines.

How far did the best science of the period immediately respond to the economic situation, how far was it immediately a product of that situation? The dominant scientific problems of the Victorian manufacturer were connected with mechanics and metallurgy—they concerned the efficiency of steam engines and the economic utilization of iron ores for the production of steel. Faraday, instead of responding to this demand, buried himself in researches in electricity that had no immediate connection with the life around him, but served as the foundation of the neotechnic period that came in a generation later, beginning in the eighteen-seventies. Joule, who was as close as Kelvin to the essential interests of industry, failed to influence his contemporaries in any decisive way. Why? Mr. Crowther attributes this failure to "an unconscious resentment against physical science" because of its application to the brutal pursuit of wealth. That is a far-fetched analysis, and it lacks psychological conviction, too. Was the cause not rather the fact that the Victorian industrialist was a hopeless empiric, who by the middle of the nineteenth century was far less capable of understanding the worth and practical importance of science than the merchants and aristocrats who had helped to found the Royal Society in the seventeenth century? The point is that the steam engine was an empirical invention, developed step by step out of the needs of mining without the aid of science. By refusing to respond to the limited demands of the Victorian manufacturer, Faraday enabled society to take a short cut that led beyond these activities into the new world of neotechnics. It was a victory of the cloister over the marketplace.

To these delicate problems of social analysis, Mr. Crowther does not bring much light. But he has written a stimulating and challenging book, and has reopened a field which, from both the biographical and the social side, should be fruitful.

LEWIS MUMFORD.

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Revolt or Revolution?

Insurgent America: The Revolt of the Middle Classes, by Alfred M. Bingham. New York: Harper and Brothers. 260 pages. $2.50.

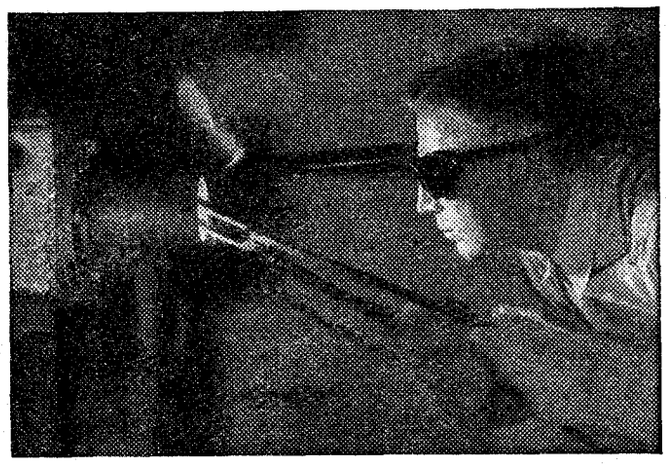
IT IS the subtitle of Mr. Bingham's book that is important. His thesis is that in the United States the leadership and revolutionary energy to end capitalism must come from the middle class, rather than from the working class in accordance with Marxian dialectic. No one will question Mr. Bingham's good faith in his argument. He honestly faces the question: How can we most easily achieve socialism in this country? "If the accentuating of the 'working class' and its 'class-consciousness' can accomplish this end, then we are right in selecting this particular class division as of supreme importance. If, however, this class emphasis does not bring the desired result, then we must try a new analysis."

Mr. Bingham finds the chief error of the Marxists in ignoring or belittling the middle class. He finds excuses for this in the fact that there is no middle class in the sense in which there is a ruling class or a working class, and is constrained to define it as consisting of all those who inhabit the no-man's land between these antagonists. It is the public, the "phantom public" of Mr. Lippmann's title. It is a state of mind, a form of consciousness peculiarly American, conditioned by the occupations in which the "middle class" is engaged, and to which the workers aspire for their children. It is hostile to the concept of the class war; it does not easily identify itself with labor; it normally regards strikes as infringements on the right of the public to the comforts, conveniences and services of an ordered existence. Acceptance of its attitudes and standards constitutes what we know as Americanization.

The "new middle class," composed of executives, superintendents and technicians, has become of unique functional importance in a modern society. Mr. Bingham argues that this middle class has no vital stake in the capitalistic system. It is interested in personal possessions, in jobs, in security rather than in profits. These things could be assured under a general system of production of goods for use, and wide distribution according to need. Its herd instinct is strong, and should prepare the way for collectivism. But on the other hand, it has prejudices in favor of mother, home and heaven, a "pathetic respect" for law and order, a snobbish pride of place, a violent nationalism, to all of which the proletarian revolution is obnoxious. Working on these, fascism is pretty certain to outbid socialism, for, as Mr. Bingham remarks in italics, *in emotional and intellectual attitudes, fascism is essentially a middle-class movement.*

As is sometimes the case, the weakest part of Mr. Bingham's book is in its positive as opposed to its critical chapters. He holds that the central issue is "the winning of political power for economic change," and advocates building a new political party to this end. Undoubtedly such a party is necessary to meet the menace of fascism. If it can rally all potential forces of opposition, it will serve an immediate purpose. We may not agree with Mr. Bingham's pious declaration that "the mechanism of the ballot is of marvelous utility," but it is the only mechanism we have.

For a blueprint of economic change Mr. Bingham submits a plan not unlike Mr. Sinclair's of vertical organization of the unemployed to produce and exchange among themselves the goods needed for subsistence. With government support this coöperative could later take over public services, basic industries, etc., and bring about the birth of



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a new social order in a period of twilight sleep, rather than by painful revolutionary parturition. Without entering into a detailed examination of this plan, it may be pointed out that Mr. Bingham is himself falling back on the workers as the functional element in social change, and one may wonder whether the attitude of the middle class, hostile to labor as the author finds it, will be any more tolerant to the active unemployed. The hard fact is that the middle class is wedded to the conception of prosperity as a shower of crumbs from the rich man's table, and though Mr. Bingham demonstrates the illusory nature of its stake in the profit system, it maintains its faith. As a matter of revolutionary tactics it would seem easier to convert the workers than the middle class to socialism, and unwise to sacrifice the investment already made in this direction to speculative gains in another. But for Mr. Bingham's mission to the gentiles we have the utmost respect and sympathy; he is himself the best argument for his faith.

ROBERT MORSS LOVETT.

O'Connor's Irish Harp

Bones of Contention, by Frank O'Connor. New York: The Macmillan Company. $2.75.

ALTHOUGH some of the stories in this book are somber and some almost opaque, I think that the light shining through the best of it can be seen in the one piece, "Orpheus and His Lute." It is about the Irishtown band, and how in the old days you weren't fit to carry the bass drum if you didn't have a rare strong arm for lifting a glass; but how even in those grand times liquor would cost money and the boys would stand serenading the various supporters longer and longer of a night, to whack up enough so you could wet your whistle. They finally went broke altogether and pawned their instruments for enough to get one good night's drunk out of; and when it came St. Patrick's day, there they were with no horns, and all the other bands would be marching in glory. Bloody hell to pay. The Irishtown men went to watch, and the music began to get into them—"you could see it by the way they were hopping and screaming." A jeer from a passing band set them off finally; they shortly laid open enough heads to get instruments, and off they were, no stopping them.

They played all day, but when they came back the constabulary was there, lined up waiting for them. The band came so close to the ranks it looked as though they were going to charge the police for a minute, and then the leader turned and wheeled them out into concert formation, giving the word for "Auld Lang Syne"—which they played such a way it drew the people for blocks. The leader called for the *piano* chorus (everybody knew what that meant, the band was famous for its *piano)* and then the holy wonder was they went right on into the *pianissimo,* standing there in formation and playing so you could hardly hear the brass and the clarinets were sweeter than violins, and in the middle of it the piccolo went off into a light hide-and-seek among the reed chords, dangerous but perfect. And when they finished, such was the position of music and the effect of stout drinking in the old times, there wasn't a man in the crowd, police or citizen, with a dry eye or his hat on. Then the boys gave themselves up, saying they'd go quietly, for "the holy spirits are around us and we must treat them gently." So they went along, and it was the last they ever saw of the holy spirits, or in fact any other. It is a touching story and a brave funny story, and whether it is about a band or not, you would have to have music in your heart to write one like it.

The book is about people in general and small-town Irish in particular—and in even more particular, about people who live with as much color and noise and body-juice as God willing they are able. They are not the whole range of human nature—none of them Edith Wharton types, for example. They are simple and mostly uncouth people in the primitive state where they fight grandly among themselves but present a baffling solidarity at the first sign of intrusion, alternately garrulous and inscrutable, credulous and shrewd, barbarians and poets. They might seem easy subjects for writing about; but this I rather doubt, because people like O'Connor and Zoschenko and Silone are able to write about them successfully only by virtue of not being superior to them or maudlin about them, by getting to cherish and understand them and tweak them by the ear, above all by learning how to get them moving as characters and complete as fiction. Whatever the setting and whoever the people, it all boils down to the fact that O'Connor belongs to literature by virtue of having the seasoned heart and mind (by which we mean a good man) together with the certain craft of hand and eye, by which we mean a fine writer.

OTIS FERGUSON.

The Incredible Sir Basil

Zaharoff, the Armaments King, by Robert Neumann, translated from the German by R. T. Clark. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 300 pages. $2.75.

THERE had to be a scapegoat on whom nations could load the blame for their own suicidal follies. If Zaharoff had not existed, the European bad conscience would have invented him. The new biography of Zaharoff by Robert Neumann approaches its subject in what might be called a creative rather than a scholarly spirit; indeed, it completely transforms Zaharoff from an incredible human being into a plausible figment of the imagination. This does not mean that Herr Neumann has shirked on his research work; no other investigator in the field has done more. He gives all the old Zaharoff anecdotes and a whole anthology of new ones, gathered from such sources as "the agent of a prince, Ro," "the Greek banker Ch," and "'witness D' who is *not* Mr. Venizelos." Zaharoff's early days are described in a dozen or more (sometimes contradictory) stories. The general result is more entertaining than convincing.

It is not until the author gets down to the Greco-Turkish war of 1921-22 that he throws new and important light on the international struggle for oil. At this time, of course, Zaharoff played a leading and sinister role, guiding and ditching first Lloyd George, then Venizelos, and then the combined diplomatic forces of Europe at the First Lausanne Conference. It is this information rather than Mr. Neumann's moral reflections on the armaments trade that gives his book importance. The work of the Senate Munitions Committee was made possible by previous exposés of this sort, and the Senate Munitions Committee in turn has demonstrated to a wide public the connections existing among munitions makers, bankers and statesmen. More than this, it has shown that the wars they cause not only bring them material prosperity but also give release to Mr. J. P. Morgan's moral impulses. To destroy similar impulses in his less fortunate fellow citizens is a useful task, and Herr Neumann contributes something toward it. But he would contribute more if he concentrated on definite information instead of writing superior detective fiction.

QUINCY HOWE.

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Natural

My Great Wide Beautiful World, by Juanita Harrison. Arranged and Prefaced by Mildred Morris. New York: The Macmillan Company. 330 pages. $2.50.

JUANITA HARRISON is an American Negro woman born in Mississippi, whose formal schooling stopped and whose working life began at the age of ten. Strong, competent and adventurous, she began her wandering at sixteen, moving as she found employment and always planning further travels. At thirty-six she started from Hoboken to work her way around the world. Seven years later, in a tent-home on the beach at Waikiki, she completed this record of her wanderings. In the interval she had lived and enjoyed herself, working or exploring in France, Russia, India, Egypt, Palestine, Japan and sixteen other countries.

Everywhere she went she made friends—indeed, her greatest difficulty was sometimes to disentangle herself from them. Nowhere did she encounter or feel in herself any race, class or national prejudice. "I like people here" is a recurring phrase. She was particularly delighted with Soviet Russia: "Here are no cast, no class, no who's who," she writes, misspelling an average of one word per sentence, as usual. Traveling through India she was serenely interested at being mistaken for a low-caste native and ordered to vacate a seat in the train. This order, incidentally, she never thought of obeying. "I don't mind being high cast," she writes, "but I want to be a low cast too." Miss Harrison worked when she needed to, choosing her jobs for their interest. In one year, "the happest of my life," she records that she worked about four months, spent the other months enjoying herself, "and have just as many francs as last year." This enjoyment she communicates in a shrewd and exhilarating narrative. MARTHA GRUENING.

Books in Brief

Daughters of Albion, by Alec Brown. New York: Doubleday, Doran and Company. $2.75.

A STUDY of any layer of society," Mr. Brown says, "can show what is happening." It can show, he means (for he is a Marxist), that capitalist civilization is crumbling. The particular layer he has chosen to investigate is the upper middle class, and he has told in detail the stories of five sisters, daughters of a prosperous lawyer. Each of the daughters feels that her personal development is checked by the conventions of their class. Two surrender without much struggle; two fail in ill conceived attempts at revolt; one starts on the path to true independence. For all five the most urgent problem is that of sexual adjustment but, as Mr. Brown shows with uncommon skill, the sexual problem—though he is no way obscures its poignancy or minimizes its importance—is part of a larger social problem. Mr. Brown is a writer of intelligence, of Marxist intelligence, and he does not hesitate to use his mind. At the same time, he has noteworthy powers of observation, close familiarity with his material, and sympathetic understanding of his characters, and thus he avoids the danger of being schematic. Less impressive is his linguistic experiment, his attempt, defended in a note, to make his style an approximation of spoken English. The result, an unpleasant flatness of tone, makes the book less readable than it ought to be. G. H.

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Vive Le Roy, by Ford Madox Ford. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company. $2.50.

This book appears to be a bland burlesque of all mystery stories, with special reference to the Old Master, Oppenheim. The characters: the enormous international detective, one lens of whose pince-nez is a mirror, the other a magnifying glass: the messenger from the Communists who resembles the King: the little beauty from Greenwich Village, whose arch slang has all the wit of a group of asterisks: the somber French dictator, ruthless only in politics: Arzipanipov (!) the communist leader, unscrupulous but dedicated: and the intrigue, cut with a jigsaw and nailed together with coincidence: all this makes one want to read in a postscript, "N.B., this is a goke." Mr. Ford has knowledge of the forces of earth and the power of evil, awareness of human nerves sure as that of a thwarted woman, and a subtle, shifting, precise prose style which should combine in a mystery to baffle the minds and freeze the blood of connoisseurs. Still, one remembers "Mystery at Geneva." This book is funnier, but longer. S. R.

Close of Play, by Nina Warner Hooke. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company. $2.50.

This is a novel about Biff and Netta Tamlin, the half-brother and sister who first appeared as the uninhibited anti-social children of "Striplings." The neglected offspring of Henrietta Tamlin, who cared only for horses but maintained both a husband and a lover as a part of her permanent establishment, they were destined for unusual careers and in "Close of Play" they embark upon them with incredible precocity. Biff, who has run away from school and taken a job moving furniture, returns after his mother's death to find Netta in love and ready to elope with Rodney Fletcher, the handsome and sensitive but comparatively ordinary schoolboy from the next estate. In defiance of Fletcher père, the three children go to live in a London slum, but the dirt and insecurity are too much for Rodney, who is made of weaker stuff and finally deserts Netta. Despite the fact that Mrs. Hooke writes easily and well about children, "Close of Play" remains unconvincing, at least to one who still recalls the slow process of her own adolescence. The unique situations are too many and too bizarre and one feels throughout that the author first works too hard to create them and then works equally hard to treat them with sympathy and "understanding." M. F.

Contributors

H. N. Brailsford, London correspondent for The New Republic, has written numerous books and articles dealing with history, economics and international affairs.

John Dos Passos, novelist and playwright, is the author, among other books, of "Three Soldiers," "Manhattan Transfer," "The 42nd Parallel" and "1919." A new novel, "The Big Money," is to be published in August by Harcourt, Brace.

Henry S. Churchill is a new York architect who has been associated with Albert Mayer and Henry Wright in directing the Greenbrook Project of the Resettlement Administration.

Morton S. Goldstein, who is working on a book dealing with the practical difficulties facing a new party, is a newspaperman in New York.

Lewis Mumford is the author of many books and articles on art, literature and the social sciences. He is working on the second volume of his interpretation of modern civilization, which he hopes to have ready for publication in 1937.

Quincy Howe, formerly editor of The Living Age and now a contributing editor of that magazine, is a member of the editorial staff of Simon and Schuster.

Martha Gruening is an editor of Race, a quarterly devoted to social, economic and political equality.

The initials signed to the brief reviews are those of Granville Hicks, Stella Roof and Margaret Frohnknecht.

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SYMPOSIUM

Earl Browder, Norman Thomas, John Haynes Holmes and Clark M. Eichelberger, National Director of the League of Nations Association, on OUR STAND ON WAR, at St. Nicholas Palace, 66th Street, between Broadway and Central Park West. Friday evening, June 5th, at 8:15. Meeting sponsored by Bronx Free Fellowship. Tickets: $.25, $.35, $.50, $.75, $1.00, $1.50. On sale at Community Church, 550 West 110th Street, and Gray's Drug Store

A job that needed doing: the drawing up of

A Balance Sheet of the New Deal

What are the straightforward facts about the effectiveness of the various New Deal agencies and activities? What has the Roosevelt administration accomplished? To cast an intelligent vote in November, every American needs to know the answer to that question—a question which The New Republic undertakes to answer in

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